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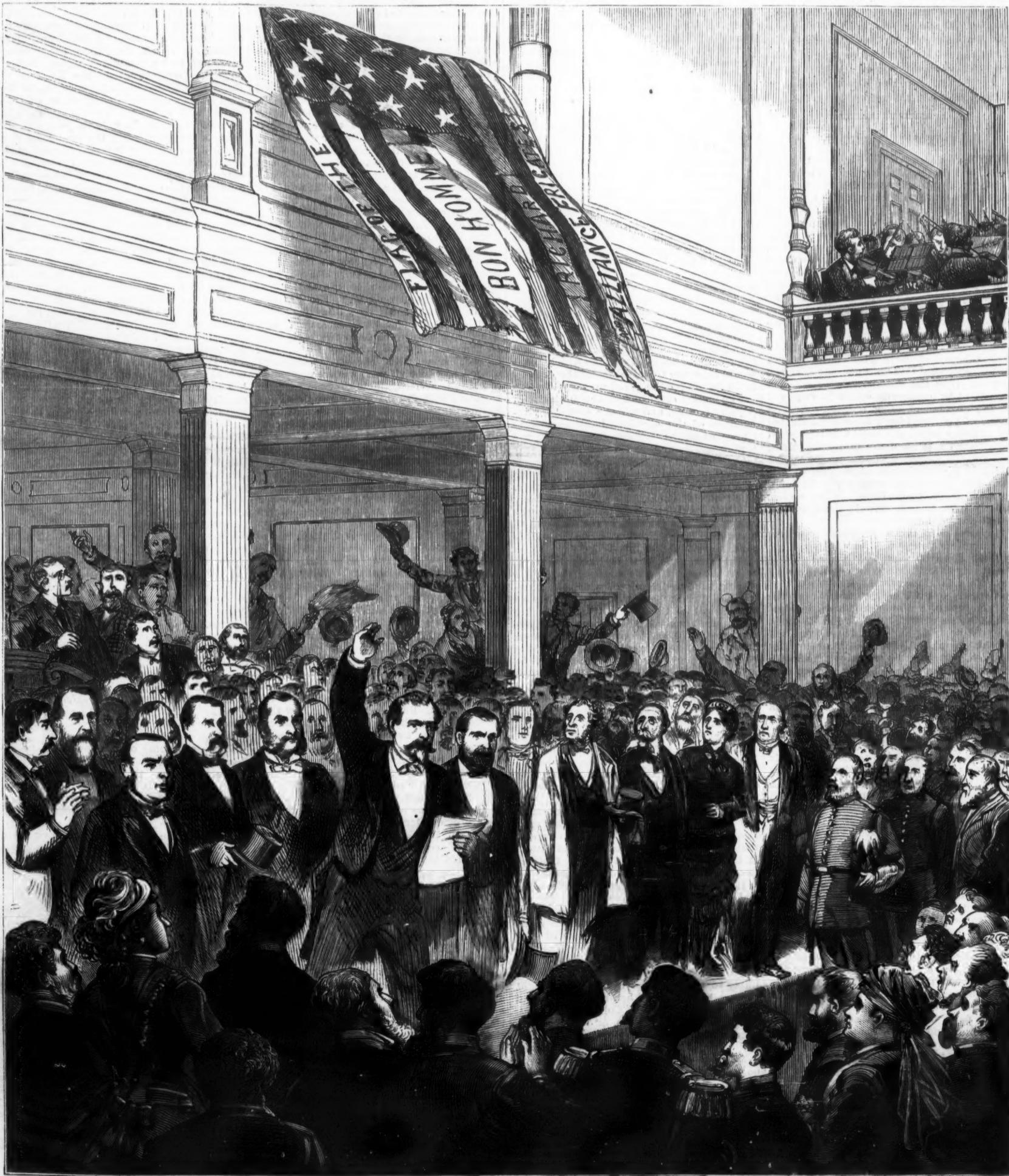
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CLOSE OF THE EXPOSITION—FINAL CEREMONIES IN JUDGES' HALL, NOVEMBER 10TH—SCENE AT THE MOMENT OF THE UNFURLING OF THE PAUL JONES FLAG.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 199.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Newspaper in America.

OUR CHRISTMAS TALE.

In this week's issue we begin the publication of an entirely new Christmas Story by the distinguished English novelist, B. L. FARJEON. The circumstances under which this tale had its inception are related by Mr. FARJEON in a note which will be found at the head of the opening chapter. All who are familiar with the graces of Mr. Farjeon's style, his graphic powers of description, and his intimate knowledge of society and life, will eagerly welcome this latest production of his pen, which was prepared specially for the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE LONG AGONY.

THE long agony of the Presidential contest ought to have been ended for good and all when the sun dropped below the Western horizon on the seventh day of November. The great fight was then over, and, if the election of the President had depended upon the popular will as expressed at the ballot-boxes, Samuel J. Tilden would have been elected for a certainty, and the whole people would have quietly and peaceably accepted the verdict of the nation. The vote of the Empire State would settle the question. But, unhappily for us, the framers of the Constitution have imposed upon the nation a system which is practically calculated to defeat the will of the people. The machinery of the Electoral College does not give the popular vote the authority in choosing a President by a majority which is required in the election of other officers. A good many of our Presidents have been elected by minority votes, and until a change shall be effected a good many more, doubtless, will be.

But it is of little use, at present, to discuss the question of what might be done, or what ought to be done. What we are mostly interested in now is the question: What will be done?

In answer to this momentous question, we have no doubt that the proper thing will be done, let what may happen. It is peculiarly unfortunate for the whole country that the vital interests of the nation should have been left to be determined by the chance vote of not only the least considerable member of the Union, but of the one whose laws and people are, in reality, alien to the Republic. Florida is essentially Spanish, with Spanish traditions, although it has of late years had a large accession of Northern emigrants, who have, to a certain extent, modified the temper of the people; but the Northern emigrants to the peninsula are mostly Sumner visitors whose temporary residence has been neutralized by the accession of new citizens from the Island of Cuba, so that Florida is almost as much a Spanish colony as it was when the great Adelantado visited its shores, and Ponce de Leon went in search of the fountain of youth which has never yet been discovered.

The day before the election everybody thought that the question of who should be the next President, or, rather, which of the two great parties should hold the reins of Government during the four years succeeding the 4th of March, depended altogether upon the vote of New York; and when it was learned that the Empire State had so thoroughly declared for Samuel J. Tilden, and that New Jersey and Connecticut had both pronounced in the same way, there was no doubt left that the voice of the people had decided the question, and that the great change which the intelligent masses demanded would be effected. Sixteen years of one party had wrought a conviction in the public mind that a change was necessary, and the ardent desire of the popular will ought to have been sufficient; but there was a possibility by manipulating the ignorant vote of two or three of the Southern States to defeat the popular will, and it is not now sure that this great wrong may not be accomplished. It all depends upon counting the votes, and the manner of counting them in conformity with the law is not a debatable point. The Twelfth Amendment of the Constitution is sufficiently explicit on this point, and there is no room for any misunderstanding, or for any

fraud. We do not believe that any fraud will be attempted. The party who should countenance any would be sunk for ever in such a "pit of ink" that any resuscitation of it would be impossible.

President Grant has felt himself impelled, or justified, in sending troops first to South Carolina to prevent fraud and violence at the polls, and since then to Florida and Louisiana, to prevent frauds by the Returning Boards. It was a startling innovation on the part of the Executive to attempt any interference in the elections, but he has sought to justify himself by declaring, in his order directing troops to be sent into Florida, that "No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by any fraud." Which is true enough. But what if any man who had been counted in by fraud should be willing to hold the place, and should choose to consider himself entitled to hold it? Where would be the remedy? How could the people remedy the wrong?

This is the question which has disturbed the public mind for a week or more, while it remained uncertain how the "counting in" would be conducted in South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, for it was on the votes of these three States that the whole question hinged.

The very fact of sending United States troops down to Florida had in itself a suspicious look. It was an act without precedent in our history. There was no apparent cause for it, and it was but too palpably influenced by party motives to quiet the popular feeling that a violation of the wishes of the people was contemplated.

President Grant very justly says that "either party can afford to be disappointed in the result, but the country cannot afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns." The case could not be more tersely or forcibly stated; but if the President honestly believed what he said, why should he have taken a step which in itself creates that very suspicion of fraud which he so strongly deprecates?

We have no fears of popular violence growing out of the election, but it cannot be denied that apprehensions of something of the kind have had a very injurious influence upon popular feeling, and prevented the return of activity in trade which was so generally anticipated after the election should determine which party would have the Government of the country in its hands for the next four years.

The agony of suspense, the intensity of popular feeling, and all the disturbing influences of the election, have been continued as they never were before since the formation of our Government, and we fear that there will not come a perfect restoration of quiet and good order until after the counting of the official vote in February. The "official count," for which everybody has been waiting so patiently since the evening of the election, is not likely to be known, so far as Florida is concerned, before the last of November.

The one good that is likely to result from the unfortunate state of things resulting from the elections, which the country has just passed through, will be an amendment of the Constitution, changing the present method of electing the President and Vice-President. It is now seen how one of the smallest States in the Union might, in a certain contingency, be made to defeat the wishes of the great majority of the people; and, as this difficulty is likely to be repeated at every future election, it is essential to the safety and peace of the whole country that it should be removed. Now it is Florida, and at some future election it may be Dacotah, Arizona, New Mexico, the Indian Territory, or some one of the new States to be carved out of territory not yet under a Territorial Government.

The necessity for a new construction of the method and machinery for electing a President and Vice-President is so urgent, that no further delay can be permitted. It is a change which all parties feel the need of, and which no one will oppose.

It is a curious illustration of the loose and inconsiderate manner in which the laws have been enacted in some of the States that no provision has been made for supplying the loss of one of the electors in the event of his death. It so happens that this defect exists in just those States where the chances are most likely to produce the trouble which ought to have been guarded against. If either of the electors in Florida, Colorado, Nevada, or Louisiana should die, or be induced to change his vote, the result of the election might be changed, and the will of the people defeated. This is not a subject to be treated from a partisan point of view. It is of vital importance to all parties, and to every citizen who desires the permanency and prosperity of the Republic.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

THE recent Presidential election must inevitably attract attention to the electoral college and the expediency of

changing it by Constitutional amendment. Every voter has, at some time or another, asked himself why we retain the present cumbersome system, with its figure-head electors, its empty and almost farcical quadrennial gatherings in the various State capitals, its occasional defeat of the expressed will of the people by letting a minority choose the President, and its remote possibility of the electors taking things into their own hands. The general idea of the electoral college is unquestionably good, but in its details the system is clumsy, and even dangerous, as recent events have clearly shown. It is not necessary to recapitulate the present provisions of the Constitution. Briefly speaking, it directs that the State electors shall equal the number of Representatives and Senators; shall be chosen on the same day in all the States; shall meet in their respective State capitals on another fixed day, the first Wednesday in December, there to vote for President and Vice-President; and that a majority of the whole college shall elect.

Nothing but political honor directs that the States shall vote as a unit, but this has hitherto proved efficacious in restraining electors from change of opinion, independent action, or the reception of bribes. As all law is founded, in a sense, on conscience, and the desertion of one's party would doubtless consign an elector to general infamy, there is probably no need of legislation on this account. But the Constitution recognizes no such thing as a political party, and the loophole is suspiciously large. An elector who should solemnly assert that his conscience had compelled him to change his mind, and that he must vote for the opposite candidate, might turn the scale, and it would be difficult or impossible to pillory him on anything worse than half of the public sentiment. An elector is responsible to a State, not to a Congressional District, and his empty office is too often filled by men of uncertain principles, chosen from compliment or political advisability. This, however, is the least of the difficulties with the present system. The possible choice of a President by a minority is the next glaring objection. Buchanan and Lincoln, not to go back to the early days of the nation, were minority Presidents; indeed, what with the dismemberment caused by the civil war, we are compelled to face the startling facts that not between 1852 and 1876 did the whole people of the United States choose their Executive by a majority of votes. The perils of this condition are obvious, and they are likely to increase. Suppose, for instance, thirty-seven States give a majority for one candidate of 1,000 each, while New York goes the other way by 100,000, the defeated candidate has only 35 votes, with a popular majority of 63,000. It is not necessary to multiply examples.

The Constitution of the United States unquestionably avoids, in a manner little less than sublime, the difficulties to be feared from centralization on the one hand and disorganization on the other. The Federalist, Whig and Republican Parties have very properly maintained that the United States is a nation, and not a temporary league of nations; while the Democratic Party has, in all its history, strenuously upheld the equally important truth that the States never did, and never can, surrender the more important and intimate care of its citizens to the General Government. But we do not see how this question of the choice of a President affects either of these two positions. The small States will never surrender, in constitutional amendment, their rights of representation in Congress, or their existing immunities as States. But, in a popular vote for President, their influence would be as marked as now, and their inferiority no more dangerous to themselves. It would, in fact, be lessened, for in any danger of sectional domination their whole vote would count, instead of one more than half of it, as under the present system. Then, too, on any theory of State and Confederation, the President represents the people, not the States. Should he not be elected by the people?

There is, however, a middle ground to be taken, which, though scarcely so desirable as the change we have advocated, is preferable to the present state of things. It is for each Congressional District to choose a Presidential elector, the two additional electors to be chosen on the general State ticket. This would get one step nearer to the people, and would greatly diminish the chances of fraud and delay. It would also reduce to a minimum the possibility of a minority election. This plan, in the present state of the Constitution, any State could adopt at once, without Constitutional amendment; for it is expressly declared that "each State shall appoint electors of President and Vice-President in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct." But we believe, in the present condition of public opinion, the larger change would be carried through without difficulty by constitutional amendment. The electoral col-

lege has already been rid of some of its clumsy and iniquitous provisions, but the time has come when the ax should be laid at the root of the tree.

THE END OF THE EXPOSITION.

ON Friday, November 10th, amid a pouring rain and under a dismal Autumn sky, in severe contrast to the serene May day on which it was opened, the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was officially closed. The ceremonies, of course, were almost identical on both days, except that the first occasion was devoted to expressions of hopeful anticipation, and the latter to a retrospect of what had been accomplished. On November 10th, addresses were delivered by General Hawley, Director-General Goshorn and other prominent managers of the enterprise, and President Grant gave the signal that, by the agency of electricity, stopped the movements of the mighty Corliss engine which he set going in May, and snapped the thread which during that interval had bound sixteen acres of machinery in the tie of common motion. The same crowds of interested visitors were in attendance, and, excepting the atmospheric conditions which compelled the closing exercises to be conducted under shelter, only the portly figure of the Emperor of Brazil was noticeably lacking to render the final scene a complete counterpart of that which was witnessed on the Exposition Grounds in Fairmount Park precisely six months previous. But the sentiment was vastly different. The situation was reversed, and the November celebration, with all its external resemblance, was, in its essential attributes, the exact antithesis of the other. The great event of the national anniversary, which consumed several years of preparation, and had centred in Philadelphia for an entire season the most notable achievements of the world's inventive genius in friendly emulative display, was over, and the duty of the day was to examine the record and decide how far and in what manner the results sustained the brilliant promise of the beginning. Happily the verdict was favorable. The Exposition has passed into history as the triumphant achievement of a stupendous experiment. The youngest nation of the earth has received the greetings of its elder sisters, and has returned the salutation with a graceful dignity betokening the composure which maturity of intellect alone bestows. We have shown in characters that never will be effaced how a single century of free government is sufficient to place an enterprising people in the foremost rank in the race for intellectual and material superiority, and the truth thus demonstrated is one which is likely to strike deep root in men's hearts, and may yet bring forth fruit. In like manner, too, we have, it is to be hoped, succeeded in eradicating from the minds of our foreign visitors of the past Summer many of the erroneous impressions which have passed current from generation to generation in Europe with regard to the crudeness and the generally unpolished condition of our national character and institutions. And by a happy chance, which was doubtless foreseen in making the original preparations for the Exposition, our foreign friends have had an opportunity, never before enjoyed to an equal extent, of being eye-witnesses of the quadrennial contest for the control of our National Administration. How edifying on the whole this latter spectacle must have been may, we presume, be readily conjectured.

These are some of the many results of the Exposition, too numerous indeed to dilate upon here, that present themselves to the mind as its immediate moral consequences. The material achievements are unquestionably far more numerous, but they cannot be formulated at this early day, before the official reports have been rendered and published. Nor even then will the record be complete until time has elapsed sufficient to show the retroactive benefit that will accrue to our national trade from influences which readily suggest themselves, but which are not susceptible of computation in advance. When we consider our unparalleled abundance of still undeveloped natural resources, and the rapid growth among us of skilled labor, and our wealth of opportunities in general, there is sound reason for believing that the additional stimulus imparted by the experiences of the past six months will be abundantly manifested at no distant day in the rapid growth of our manufactories and the rehabilitation of our commercial interests. This, however, will require time to demonstrate. Meanwhile, there is sufficient food for self-gratulation in reviewing the actual conduct of the Exposition upon which so much solicitude was bestowed, and of which so much is yet hoped for. The American people had a peculiar delicate task to accomplish in inviting this year the competition of foreign industries upon their own territory. The national reputation, after the foul stain which had been cast upon it by venal and corrupt Commissioners at

the Vienna Exposition of 1873, required some special act of vindication to cleanse it of tarnish. The nations of Europe were disposed at first to regard the enterprise with cool disfavor, if not with actual distrust. Some of the largest and most important of them, in fact, held aloof from it until almost the last moment. The universal stringency of the times was another serious obstacle. That these potent hindrances were triumphantly overcome, and the brilliant success which we are hinting at rather than describing was achieved almost from the outset, is due to the admirable management of the competent gentlemen to whom the execution of the scheme was intrusted. To the prudent judgment, sagacity, and single-minded zeal of their administration the whole country owes a debt which is not likely to be readily forgotten. Nor was this efficiency displayed by only the officials highest in function. Similar credit, and in no less degree, is due to the members of all the executive bureaux, many of whom never came in any way under public observation, as well as to the Boards of Commissioners representing on the Grounds the interests of the several States, and, in a word, to all who were directly connected with the mechanism and economy of the Exposition. Some mistakes were undeniably made, in a few instances, of a character to create discontent and excite just re-entiment among certain classes of exhibitors; but the instances were few, and their bad effects, where the remedy could not be promptly applied, were of a sort which will be more injurious to the parties in fault than to anybody else. As a whole, the six months' Exhibition was conducted without a flaw to mar its uniform perfection, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that its pecuniary returns were not the least noteworthy elements of its success. The attendance, which during the first month averaged about twenty thousand daily, increased in June, and then fell away again until towards the close of August. After that date there were at least 50,000 daily visitors, and the average down to the close varied from 80,000 to upwards of 100,000. The total receipts to November 10th were \$3,360,049.74. The great advantage of this material success is, after all, in the total of opportunity and advantage which it represents, in the wider knowledge of the world and its peoples which it typifies, and what to us, as a nation, is of yet greater importance, the obliteration of local and sectional prejudice which it has been the happy function of the Centennial Year to accomplish to a greater degree than any influence that has been exerted for many years.

UNFORTUNATE ROYAL LADIES.

THE instability of human affairs in general is proverbial. That of royal fortunes, in particular, has of late been often and forcibly exemplified. Several of the most striking among recent examples are due to feminine ambition. This, indeed, has, in a few signal cases, been crowned with success. Queen Augusta of Prussia has become Empress of Germany, and Queen Victoria of England has become Empress of India. But not all lady-aspirants to regal or imperial rank have met with the same good or ill luck. The whole world has wept over the tragic and pathetic fate of "poor Carlotta," the King of Belgium's daughter and wife of Archduke Maximilian. Tempted by the wily schemes of the late Napoleon III. to exchange home and "the still air of delightful studies" at Miramar for the thorns of an Imperial crown in revolutionary Mexico, Maximilian was shot in 1867, and his widow, the ex-Empress of Mexico, poisoned and crazed, has long been imprisoned, as it were, at the Château de Lacken, in Belgium. About two months ago Carlotta contrived to escape from her medical keepers, who, after finding her, could induce her to return only by the stratagem of flinging before her flowers, of which she is extremely fond.

Eugénie, the ex-Empress of the French, and her son, the ex-Prince Imperial, are traveling in Italy under the titles of Countess and Count of Pierrefonds. The King of Italy went to Florence, the other day, expressly to meet them. The critical state of the health of the ex-Empress Eugénie has given great anxiety to the Imperialist party in France. She is suffering not so much from any actual disease, as from apparent loss of vitality, and consequent mental depression. The results of the last French elections, while favorable to the Bonapartists, were still more favorable to the Republicans, and discouragement took the place of the hopes which have hitherto sustained the widow of Napoleon the Third. Her health gave way, and a trip to Italy was recommended by her physicians. It is said, moreover, that she repairs to Rome for the purpose of appealing to the Pope in behalf of the Imperialist cause. She will not be the first royal personage in distress who has fled for refuge to the shadow of St. Peter's chair, says one irreverent journalist,

but an incident so medieval in its character was hardly to be expected in the "fierce light" of the nineteenth century. Meanwhile, Eugénie's mother, the Countess de Montijo, has brought action against fifty-seven French papers for alleging the illegitimacy of the ex-Empress, and, as the damages are all to be given to local charities and the libel is as clear as it is base, the managers of the charities are well pleased.

For the present, the ambition of Princess Marguerite, the wife of Don Carlos, and the ambition of Princess Natalie, the wife of Prince Milan, of Servia, whom General Tchernayeff's army lately proclaimed King, must remain unsatisfied. Nor is it likely that the Eastern Question will soon reach such a point as to render feasible the rumored project of a revival of the Byzantine empire, with the Duke of Edinburgh as Emperor, and his wife as Empress, thus enabling the latter to take precedence always before her vexatious sister-in-law, Princess Beatrice. It might possibly be regarded as a solemn warning against any aspirations of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh towards an Imperial throne at Constantinople that less than three months ago there died at Milan Antonia Luzzi, widow of the unfortunate Leon, Prince of Lusignan, King of Armenia, and claimant to the throne of the Western Emperors. The royal claimant himself died last February, after having long sought in vain from the King of Italy the pension which had been accorded to him by the Papal Court. The ex-Empress Antonia left six children wholly without means of support. Three were taken to public charitable institutions, and the others were temporarily adopted by a workman, Jacques Merlini, whom the late Eugene Sue would have gladly immortalized. These children are the last of a line which counted twelve emperors and thirty kings.

Until the recent death of the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amadeus, King Victor Emanuel's son, Spain counted three living ex-queens. One of these, Donna Isabella, not content with succeeding in placing her son, Don Alfonso, on the throne at Madrid, is craving the restitution of her civil list. She demands 36,000,000 pesetas (\$7,200,000) for arrears. Her mother, ex-Queen Christine, is still more exacting. She claims 40,000,000 pesetas, and is moving heaven and earth to get it. Our "salary-grabbing" at Washington pales into insignificance before these instances of feminine and royal rapacity. The third ex-Queen of Spain, Maria Vittoria, whose death at San Remo has just been announced, was the daughter of the Piedmontese Prince Cisterna, her mother being of the noble Belgium family of De Merode. To this Piedmontese-Belgium origin it is owing that she represented, hereditarily, at the same time the most decided traditions of Italian Constitutionalism and the most devoted adherents of Papal Rome. For a brief period she occupied, with her equally youthful husband, Prince Amadeus, the throne of Spain, which her ambition, it was currently reported at the time, led them to ascend in 1871. She soon lost her crown, and now her life is ended.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

Monday.....109½ @ 109½	Thursday....109½
Tuesday....(Holiday)	Friday.....109½ @ 109½
Wednesday...110 @ 109½	Saturday....109½ @ 10½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

GRANT CANNOT HOLD OVER.—It was Benjamin Franklin who suggested that the fourth of March should be the day of the President's inauguration, as it would not come on a Sunday until 1877. But the Constitution recognizes no Sunday or other religious day, and, as its provisions are the supreme law of the land, the President-elect must be sworn in on the fourth, to prevent an interregnum. If Grant should perform a single official act on the fifth (Monday), it would be null and void. So far as concerns the present incumbent holding over, as he has been hinted he might do by General Butler and Caleb Cushing, it is both, unworthy of a thought. The Constitution expressly declares that the President shall hold his office for four years, before the expiration of which time there must be an election by the people, and, failing in a choice by popular will, the House of Representatives shall immediately proceed to elect a Chief Executive.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION.—When the plan of the loan exhibitions at the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum of Art was proposed five months ago, it found the owners of the choice private galleries in our city generously ready to co-operate, although very few of them anticipated more than a qualified success. No one ventured to estimate the receipts of the exhibitions, for the whole season, at more than twenty thousand dollars, which, after deducting the heavy expenses (including the insurance of the paintings), would have left a very moderate profit for the two institutions. But the interest and enjoyment of the public, as soon as the rare character of the collections became generally known, were not to be mistaken; those who went once returned again and again; our foreign guests confirmed the excellence of the exhibitions, and an enthusiasm, second only to that inspired by the Great Show at Philadelphia, rewarded the hopes of the artists and the liberality of the picture-owners. The number of visitors

proves to have been not less than 175,000; the gross receipts amount to fifty-one thousand dollars, which will leave a clear profit very nearly, if not quite, sufficient to free both the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum from debt, to make the final payment for the priceless Cesnola Collection in the latter, and to add about one thousand eight hundred dollars to the annual income of the former. The Centennial Year thus becomes memorable in the history of American Art.

WORN-OUT BANK NOTES.—The Comptroller of the Currency has issued a circular saying: "It has become necessary to present for the consideration of the National Banks a fact which has occasioned much uneasiness, and which is the cause of daily increasing embarrassment, namely, the rapidity with which the national bank notes are wearing out and being returned for destruction, taken in connection with the large number of agents appointed to witness this destruction on behalf of the banks. It is necessary to destroy the notes of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty banks in one day, and the names of about one hundred and fifty persons are registered as agents. Much time is consumed in looking-up these gentlemen. Some of them cannot be found when wanted; some are dilatory, and others neglect to attend. Then when they assemble, the number is often so great that there is no room for their accommodation, and great confusion, delay and inconvenience are likely to result. The matter has at length reached that point where some change must be made; some relief must be obtained, or the public business will be seriously obstructed. He has accordingly concluded that the most feasible method of obviating the difficulties of the situation will be to submit the names of a sufficient number of trustworthy agents, and request the banks to make a choice from that number."

TWEED'S SAFETY.—Public anxiety in regard to the safety of the United States steam-igate *Franklin*, having on board William M. Tweed, was allayed on November 11th by the publication of a dispatch from Havana, announcing that the French steamer from St. Thomas to that port had brought the news that the *Franklin* put in at St. Thomas on November 5th for the purpose of replenishing her stock of coal. After a delay of three days, she sailed for New York on November 8th. As the *Franklin* left Vigo, in Spain, September 28th, she was thirty-eight days in reaching St. Thomas—a longer time than it was expected she would consume in her voyage to New York. The commandant at the Brooklyn Navy Yard claims not to be surprised at this, as it would take about as long for her to reach St. Thomas by the southern passage as it would have taken to come by a more direct route to this port. He supposed that she had sailed against contrary winds, and having no occasion for special haste, had used very little coal. He knew nothing of the six hundred tons of coal which she is rumored to have taken on board at Cadiz, before going to Vigo, and supposed that she pursued the usual course of depending mainly on her sails. If the report that she sailed from St. Thomas on November 8th was correct, he should look for her arrival on November 14th or 15th. The commodore said that he had felt no anxiety in regard to the *Franklin's* safety. She was one of the stanchest and largest vessels in the navy, and practically a new ship, made largely from the old *Franklin*—a 74-gun ship, dating back before the last war with England.

THE CENTENNIAL HOTEL HARVEST.—The proprietors of the Philadelphia hotels during the Exposition season appear to have reaped a golden harvest. A local report in the Philadelphia *Times*, of November 10th, contains a summary of the net results in this special department of enterprise, from which we learn that the Globe Hotel opened May 1st, and since that time had housed and fed at least 200,000 people, the daily average being about 1,400. The manager of the Grand Exposition, which consists of 140 houses, with 1,325 rooms, said his house had been full ever since he opened on May 1st. He had accommodated 196,000 persons in all. The Atlas has averaged 1,200 guests daily since the opening of the Exposition, and the manager said his season had been extremely successful. Colonel Duffy, of the Transcontinental, said his average had been 1,100 persons daily, and he estimated that at the close of the Exposition he will have provided for 200,000 persons. The hotel is to be permanent. The United States, which was opened on January 15th, 1876, will remain open until that date in 1877. It will then be altered into dwellings. Its daily average has been about 500, and its total 125,000. The Hotel Aubry, which opened on April 20th, has had 300 guests every day since, and has taken care, in all, of 50,000 people. The Channing House has averaged 275 guests every day, and had an aggregate of 50,000. The Westminster averaged 160 daily, and provided for about 20,000 in all. Congress Hall has a daily average of 600, and has accommodated 180,000 people. The Belmont had 400 daily, and a total of 30,000. The Grand Villa has had 200 daily, and a total of 24,000. The Ross House, Lancaster, Elm Avenue, Metropolitan, Cosmopolitan, and International Hotels have together had 114,000. The majority of these hotels were aggregations of separate residences, and will revert immediately to private use. The grand total of guests accommodated in the Philadelphia hotels is 2,564,000.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.—As the question has been raised in regard to what is to be done if the death of a Presidential elector should intervene between the time of his election and the meeting of the Electoral College, it becomes necessary to consult the laws of the various States in order to ascertain what provisions have been made for such an emergency. The Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section I., simply says: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress," etc. In Amendment XII. of the Constitution, where the method and manner of balloting in

the College, and the method and manner of counting the electoral votes in Congress, are prescribed, nothing is said as to any vacancy occurring in the Electoral College. It being, therefore, left to the respective States to provide for such emergency, it is evident that whatever action has been taken by them since the adoption of the Constitution has peculiar interest in a time like the present, when a single electoral vote may decide the Presidential contest. If there should be a vacancy in the Electoral College when it meets in December, caused by the death or absence of a single elector, it would possibly deprive the winning candidate of a constitutional majority, unless the vacancy should be filled by appointment or otherwise. In Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Kansas and Oregon, the remaining electors have the right to fill vacancies by ballot and nearly all the other States provide for the emergency in some manner. The States which have neglected this point are Florida, with 4 electoral votes, Louisiana with 8, Colorado with 3, and Nevada with 3. These four States have 18 electoral votes. After diligent search, it has been impossible to find in the laws of these States any clause whatever bearing on this subject; and how vacancies are to be filled, should any occur in the electoral colleges of these States, is a matter of conjecture, undefined for the present, at least, by written law.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE chief business part of Perth Amboy, N. J., was destroyed by fire on the 11th.

THE ticket of Tammany Hall was triumphant in the State, County and City of New York.

THE Senate and House of Vermont came to a deadlock on the question of time for electing State officers.

EX-DELEGATE JEROME B. CHAFFEE was chosen, in Republican caucus, as candidate for the United States Senatorship from Colorado.

ELECTION returns kept coming in from every quarter, up to the time of going to press, but no decisive result was reached.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made by unknown parties to steal the remains of President Lincoln from the sarcophagus at Springfield, Ill.

THE Japanese Commissioners to the Centennial presented their building, with all the adornments of the Grounds, to the City of Philadelphia.

THE U. S. S. *Franklin* with Tweed on board, arrived at St. Thomas, short of coal, on the 5th, and sailed for New York three days later.

THE tenth annual session of the National Grange Patrons of Husbandry will be held in Chicago, beginning on the 17th, and lasting about ten days.

IT is expected that all the public schools in Jersey City will close this week, because of the exhaustion of the fund for paying the teachers.

PRESIDENT GRANT closed the International Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, on Friday, November 10th, amid interesting exercises.

JUDGE KRUM, counsel for William McKee, convicted of complicity in the whisky frauds, and now in the penitentiary, is sanguine of obtaining a Presidential pardon for his client.

JUDGE McALLISTER, of Chicago, was presented with a petition signed by 8,000 citizens asking him to resign his position on account of his rulings in the Sullivan case.

In accordance with the request of Governor Kellogg of Louisiana, President Grant appointed a committee of gentlemen to proceed immediately to New Orleans to inspect the counting of the votes cast in that State, and the National Committees of the Democratic and Republican parties chose delegations for the same purpose. The President also issued a proclamation for the protection of ballot-boxes.

Foreign.

THE Russian Imperial Court left Lividia for Tsarskoselo on the 7th.

PRESIDENT LERDO DE TEJADA was declared re-elected by the Mexican Congress.

GENERAL TCHERNAYEFF reached Belgrade with 200 Russian officers on Tuesday, 7th.

ALL property and income in Cuba, will be taxed thirty per cent on January 1st.

YIELDING to the demands of Russia, Turkey agreed to abandon the positions captured since October 31st.

LORD DERBY designated the Marquis of Salisbury as the British representative at the Constantinople Conference.

DR. STRAUSBERG, the railway king, was convicted on charges of swindling, and banished for ever from Russia.

A GREAT cyclone ravaged the district of Backergunge, India, destroying 1,000 native houses, and, it is estimated, 5,000 persons.

CUBAN cigar manufacturers will petition Government to raise the export duty on tobacco-leaf, and declare manufactured cigars free of duty.

CARDINAL SIMEONI, recently Papal Nuncio at Madrid, was appointed successor to the late Cardinal Antonelli, as Secretary of State to the Pope.

THE programme to be laid before the Conference of the Great Powers at Constantinople will be identical with Lord Derby's peace proposals.

THE Egyptian Minister of Finance was dismissed from office, for conspiracy against the Khédive, and died while en route to the place of exile.

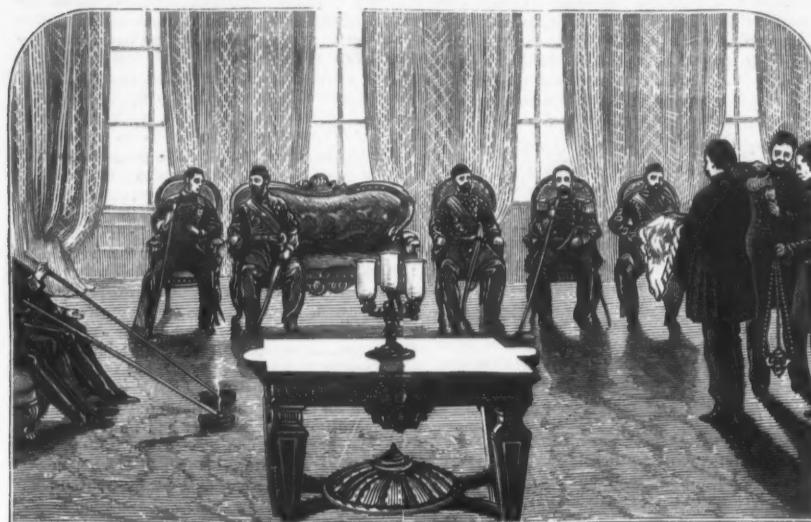
ON account of the threatened famine in India, relief works were established in the Sholapore district, and employment was given to 45,000 inhabitants.

MINISTER WASHBURN declared himself satisfied with M. du Sommerard's disclaimer of the authorship of the letter slandering the people of the United States.

SIR THOMAS WHITR was installed as Lord Mayor of London, November 9th, and gave a banquet at the Mansion House, when the Earl of Beaconsfield made a speech on the Turco-Russian situation.

THE Czar declared, in a speech at Moscow, that Russia will demand guarantees of the Porte, and if they are refused he will act independently. At Berlin, the speech produced great alarm in political circles.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 195.



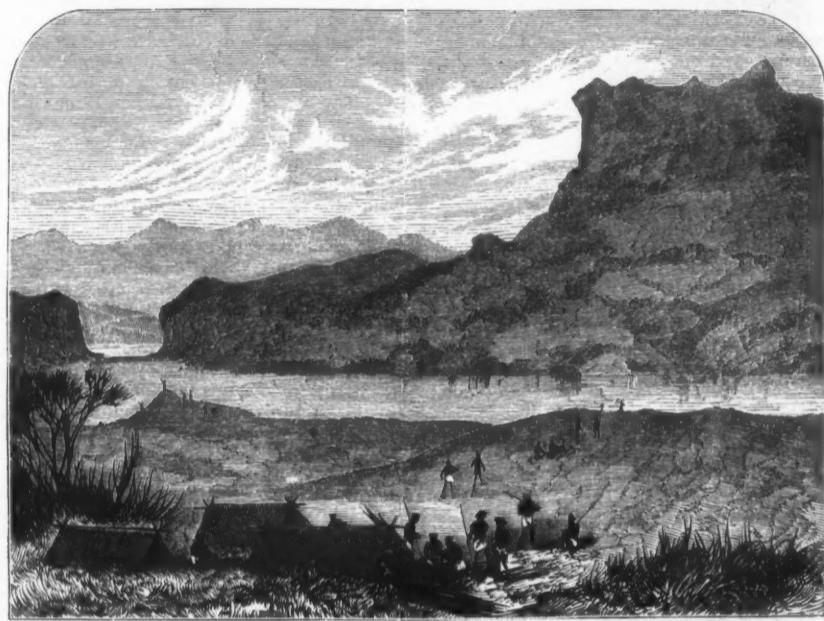
TURKEY.—ENTERTAINMENT OF SIR HENRY ELLIOT, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE.



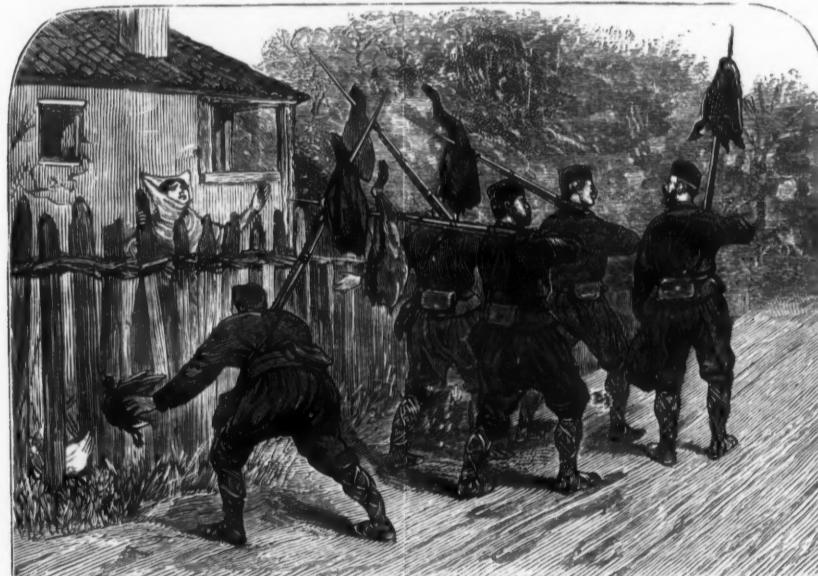
TURKEY.—ENGLISH LADIES NURSING THE SICK IN THE KATHERINE HOSPITAL AT BELGRADE.



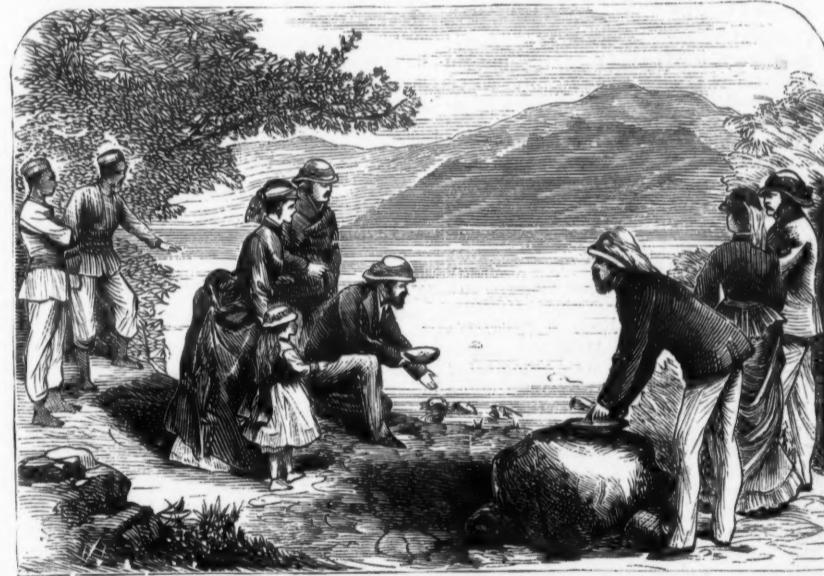
TURKEY.—THE SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID GIVING AN AUDIENCE TO SIR HENRY ELLIOT.



THE FIJI ISLANDS—THE MOUNTAIN WAR IN FIJI.



TURKEY.—SERBIAN SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM A FORAGING EXPEDITION.



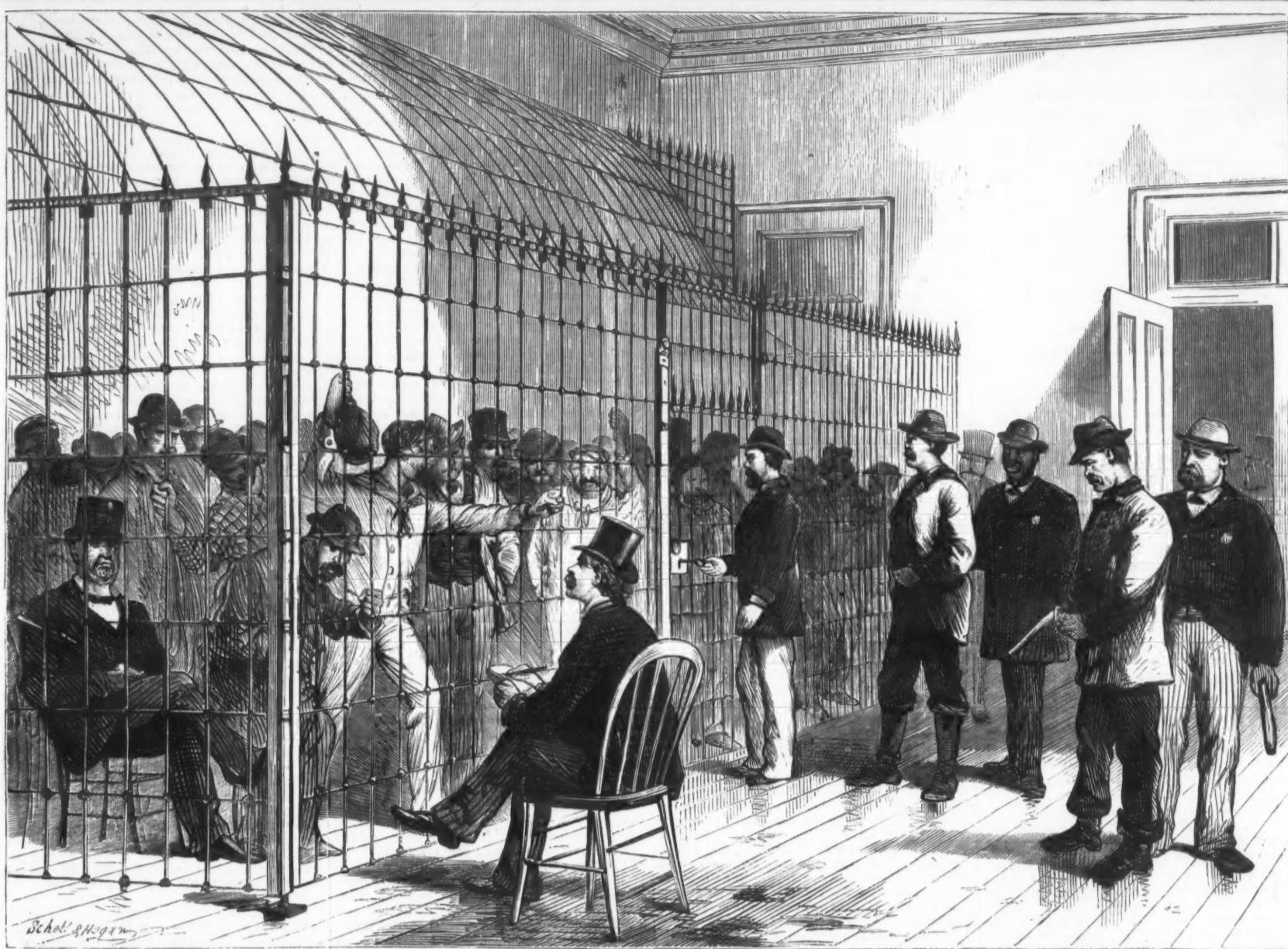
INDIA.—FEEDING THE TAME FISH AT MANDALAY, BURMAH.



ENGLAND.—THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON PRESENTING PRIZES TO THE TURNERS' COMPANY.



TURKEY.—IDENTIFYING THE KILLED IN THE DEAD-HOUSE AT BASAUZ.



NEW YORK CITY.—IMPRISONING ALLEGED ILLEGAL VOTERS ON ELECTION-DAY IN UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER DAVENPORT'S CAGE, IN THE NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING.

FEDERAL ELECTION PRECAUTIONS.

COMMISSIONER DAVENPORT'S CAGE FOR ILLEGAL VOTERS.

THROUGHOUT election-day United States Commissioner Davenport held special sessions in the United States Circuit Court Room No. 7, in the New Post Office; Commissioner Shields, at Republican Headquarters, on Broadway and Thirty-third Street; Commissioner Little, at Lincoln Hall, Harlem; and Commissioner Deuel, at Lincoln Club Rooms, in University Place. Balloting progressed from the opening to the close of the polls in an unusually quiet and orderly manner, and but comparatively few persons were arrested. Commissioner Davenport figured uneventfully in a scene which, it is to be hoped, may never be repeated, either in New York or any other city in the country. The court-room is a large, square, utterly unfurnished apartment, excepting two benches, which is lighted by high windows, opening upon the partial courtyard of the Post Office interior. In this room, however, is an inner cage, a roomy structure, with sides and sloping bars, and back of wall, which is located in the southern end of the apartment.

United States Attorney Bliss was present during the day in the prosecution of the cases. In most of the cases the charge was that of fraudulent registration, and in the majority of them a mistake either in name or number being conclusively shown, the parties were discharged.

The door of the court-room was zealously guarded by an officer of the court. Once this Cerberus was passed, the interior showed a notable scene. The lofty ceiling of the room looked whitely down upon a sea of faces which surged against the barrier separating the forum from the auditorium, and threatened, momentarily to sweep the stout cage barrier away. Every voice was hushed, however, and the only sound that disturbed the silence was the shrill treble of Commissioner Davenport, the heavier voice of the District Attorney, and the hesitating accent of a prisoner or his witness. The crowd only manifested its presence vocally by its suppressed breathing.

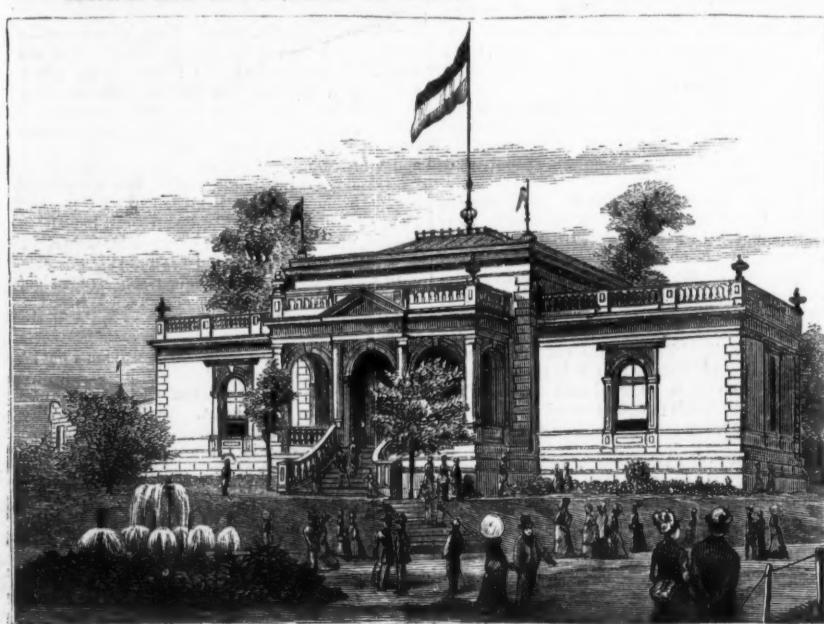
As each batch of twenty-five men was disposed of, another was brought to the cage and put to the ordeal. The arrivals were so constant that the throng never diminished. During the day judgment was rendered on some five hundred men. Some being



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—MYER ASCH, ESQ., CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—SEE PAGE 199.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—W. J. PHILLIPS, CHIEF OF CENTENNIAL TELEGRAPH BUREAU. PHOTO. BY CHILLMAN & CO., PHILA.—SEE PAGE 199.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN EMPIRE PAVILION ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 202.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE BRAZILIAN PAVILION ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 202.

committed to Ludlow Street Jail, some to the 'ombs, and a few being locked up in the iron cage all night, without any accommodation whatever.

LOVE AND MISCHIEF.

ONE sunny day Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden;
Love, tumbling in, began to shout
For Mischief's aid lest he should smother:

"You little demon, let me out,
Or I'll report you to your mother."
Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain
One half to joy and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, to tell it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.
Love flew to Venus in a peat,
And cried, when he had told his story:

"Oh, Queen of Beauty! never let
That little imp wear half my glory."
The goddess, with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you shall conquer still, my boy—
I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

Shadows on the Snow.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY
B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," "JOSHUA MARYM," "AN ISLAND PEARL," "THE DUCHESS OF ROSEMARY LANE," ETC.

DEDICATORY PREFACE.

Before the author issued his initial Christmas Story, "Blade-o'-Grass," the immature scheme of the present tale received the warm approval of the great master of Christmas literature, whose name is honored in many lands. In the hope that his judgment will be indorsed by the readers into whose hands these pages may fall, "Shadows on the Snow" is now, after careful elaboration, presented for the first time to the American public.

PART I.

HOW THE SHADOWS APPEARED AT WARLEYCOMBE, AND WHAT THEY SAID AND DID.

OUR story commences in a quiet lane in the garden of Devonshire, in a narrow, quiet lane, where, in the Summer, the flowered hedge-rows on either side shut out from view the pretty homesteads in their rear, and where, in the Winter, the naked branches threaded the air with snow-lines fantastically, and the sharp, thin twigs were whitely lighted up with pearl drooping eyes of icicle. A quiet, narrow lane, luxuriantly dotted in the Spring with violets and forget-me-nots, and, in the drowsy Summer, when the hum of bees could faintly be heard in the tangled bush of honeysuckles and wild roses, dreamily delicious with fragrant odors. A quiet, narrow lane, at the end of which came suddenly and quaintly into view a shallow reach of a noble river, with a taste of the salt sea on its lips, where the clear waters lay calmly in their rustic shelter, while on its bosom glowed the shadows of its gardened banks. A quiet, narrow lane, wherein a thousand new graces perpetually unfolded themselves, and where Nature made holiday in every season of the year.

It was the evening of a sharp, wintry day in December, so near to Christmas that the sun threw a golden mantle on its holly-crowned head, and welcomed its advent with a fiery splendor. The old elm that had stood outside Stephen Winkworth's house for more Christmases than Stephen Winkworth could remember blushed crimson sympathetically, and the tips of its branches caught the light of the glowing sun, and there imprisoned it until the grayer shadows usurped its place. The light touched the form of Stephen Winkworth himself, as he stood at his door, watching the declining day, and it lingered lovingly at a window above his head, at which a girl sat motionless, looking out upon the scene. Stephen Winkworth was by no means a pleasant figure in the landscape, and did not show in his face any sign of gladness. The happy season which brought joy to so many hearts brought none to his, for in all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, he held not one in tender remembrance; for him there was no balm in Gilead. Bitter, morose and discontented, he stood on his threshold at war with the world and with himself. There was no love lost between him and his neighbors. "Stephen, the woman-hater," people called him; they might have added man-hater also, for all the love he bore his sex. His spiritual influence for unkindness was very strong. It was enough to make one bad-tempered to look at the surly wrinkles in his face, and people, without knowing why, felt an inclination to snarl at each other when he was in their company. He was not an ungainly man, and was still in the prime of life. Strong and sturdily built was he, and blessed with good health; fairly well-to-do, also, from a worldly point of view. But, with all these advantages, he had never been discovered in an act of kindness, and not a human being in the world would have felt inclined to say, "God bless him!"

Only on one occasion throughout the year did he of his own free will associate with his neighbors, and that was Christmas Eve. And only in one house in all Devonshire would he have been welcomed, and that house was at Warleycombe Lodge, the residence of Reuben Harrild. Harrild and he had been friends in their youthful days, although they could scarcely be called so at the present time; and, in one of their boyish confidences, had pledged themselves never, if circumstances permitted, to spend Christmas apart from each other. That Stephen Winkworth had not broken his promise

came from no active exercise of sentiment; it was more a mechanical than an affectionate offering to a friendship which existed now but in name.

The house of Reuben Harrild was within view, and Stephen could see the reflection of the dying sun in each pane of glass that shone like a fiery eye upon the landscape. No softening influence came upon him as he gazed upon this solemn splendor. With deep-set lines in his face, and with form immovable, he stood like an image carved in stone—stern, impassive, relentless and unfeeling.

Towards him approached two persons, with that brisk motion of the body which betokens enjoyment of surrounding and inward influences. He was not conscious of their approach, but the girl at the window above saw them the moment they appeared round the winding path in the distance, and a look of eager love, of love without hope, of love in which there was pain, flashed into her eyes. With parted lips, and a flush on her usually pale face which did not come from the sunset's glow, she watched their forms grow larger and more distinct as they emerged out of the deeper shadows. From the younger of the two came a cheerful greeting to Stephen Winkworth.

"Good-evening, neighbor. Fine weather this for Christmas!"

The speaker was a good-looking man, some five-and-twenty years of age, William Fairfield by name. He was a farmer in the neighborhood of Warleycombe, and although comparatively a new man in the locality, had been cordially welcomed upon his own merits into the society of his fellows. The farm he now owned had been bequeathed to him by a relative who had stood to him in the position of a parent; and William Fairfield, who, at about that time, was looking round for a pursuit, thought he might as well try whether the life of a country farmer would suit him. It threatened at the outset not to suit him at all; he was naturally daring, impulsive and ambitious; and, after a trial of a few months, he had serious thoughts of seeking his fortune elsewhere, when he was thrown into the society of Reuben Harrild's daughter, Laura. Between the two an attachment had sprung up sufficiently strong to bind William Fairfield to Warleycombe had it been infinitely less attractive than it was, and he was now regarded as permanently settled upon his farm. William was accompanied by a singular-looking individual, scarcely five feet in height, but with a head so enormous that it might properly have belonged to one of the sons of Anak. Attached to so short a body, the effect produced was nothing less than startling. This man was an institution in the neighborhood; had come many years ago from nobody knew where, and had gradually worked himself into the confidence, and gained the love and esteem, of every man, woman and child, for twenty miles round—with the single exception of Stephen Winkworth.

It was suspected, from a certain guttural accentuation in his tones—especially noticeable when he was speaking rapidly—that he was of German extraction; but nothing more was really known of him than that his name was Bax; that he was a doctor, and that he practiced his profession as much for love as for gain. He was not rich, but he always had enough, and he never accepted a fee from those he suspected of not being able to afford it. He was welcomed everywhere, and by everybody. He took an interest in everything. Women spoke of him as "dear Doctor Bax," and husbands were not jealous to hear; young men in love pressed him into their confidence, and young women whispered their little troubles into his ear. He had a kind word and honest advice for all, and never seemed tired of doing good gratuitously.

Now, one would have thought that the mere sight of such a man would have been sufficient to induce some sign of cheerful recognition. Not so thought Stephen Winkworth; he evidently regarded the little doctor as an intrusion, and did not care to conceal his feelings in the matter. But as for Doctor Bax, bless your soul! sour looks had no more effect upon him than they have upon the Sphinx, and he returned Stephen's surly recognition with a smile genial enough to have melted all the ice in every water-butt in Devonshire.

"Fine weather, sir!" exclaimed the little doctor, rubbing his hands briskly, and sniffing the air with most intense enjoyment. "It's finer than fine weather, sir; it's glorious weather—glorious! Smell it!" Here he gave another vigorous sniff. "Take off your hat, and bow to it;" and taking off his hat, he bared to the fresh air a poll as smooth as a billiard-ball, and as polished as looking-glass: you certainly could have seen your face in it. "Fine weather, sir! By the Lord! if one could live in such weather for fifty years, he would not be a day older at the end, and we doctors would have to go to another planet. It is life, sir, life—the true Elixir Vitæ! If Old Parr had had such weather as this, he would have lived to a thousand. Not a day less, as I am a man and a doctor!"

Folding his arms, Stephen gazed upon the rhapsodist with cold, contemptuous eyes. Far different from William Fairfield, who followed the doctor's words with sparkling looks and gay, assenting gestures.

"We live in a glorious climate," proceeded Doctor Bax, with thorough enjoyment; "idiots abuse it, because it is the fashion to abuse it, and idiots will do whatever's the fashion. A glorious climate! Show me a finer. Such a day as this is perfect and appropriate. Christmas would lose half its charm if it were not for the snow and the ice and the life-giving cold air. We breathe in youth in such weather as this."

"You are a fortunate man, doctor," said Stephen, with a little, cynical laugh.

"Fortunate! Yes, I am fortunate," quickly, and somewhat gravely, responded Doctor Bax; "but you mean in some particular way, perhaps?"

"No," replied Stephen, in slow, measured tones, which formed a wonderful contrast to the impetuous utterances of the little doctor, "I mean in a general way. Fortunate in being able, or pretending to be able, to find so many good things that are obnoxious to others."

"Fortunate, for instance," rejoined Doctor Bax, gently, and with reverence, "in being able to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Stephen Winkworth disposed of the gentle reproach by a scornful motion of his hands.

"For my part," he said, "I find the evening cold and chilly and damp, favorable only to rheumatism and bronchitis. I see nothing fine in it."

"Nothing?" inquired Doctor Bax, with an air of anxiety.

"Nothing," was the positive asseveration of Stephen Winkworth.

"Well, well," said the doctor, rubbing his forehead, "that can't be your fault. It is an unfortunate inheritance not to be able to see good in things; but you were put in possession of it without being consulted, and therefore you are not to blame. The perplexing point is," continued the doctor, as though trying to discover a way out of a labyrinth, "who is to blame? You can't throw it upon your father and mother, for they could not have known anything of it. We are all born with differently shaped heads; we are not accountable for that. There is a great deal in the shape of the head we come into the world with. You see, if a child was born with two tongues, he could not help speaking double, could he? Rather a comical idea that. Ha, ha, ha!"

Although the doctor laughed heartily at the notion, and was as heartily joined by William Fairfield, Stephen Winkworth did not appear to see the comicality of the idea. On the contrary, he was manifestly displeased with the good temper of his companions, and a short pause elapsed before he spoke.

"You call yourself a philosopher, I should not wonder," he then said, disdainfully.

"If philosophy meant contentment with things as they are," said Doctor Bax, rubbing his forehead again, "then I say, yes, I am a philosopher."

"From which I gather," said Stephen, slowly dwelling on his words, "that you have never experienced a heart-shock that turned your blood from its natural currents and diseased it. You are a happy man, contented with yourself and with the world."

"I am happy," returned Doctor Bax, with humbleness, "and contented with the world; but I have seen misfortune, and I thank God for it."

"That is your cant," sneered Stephen, "and of a piece with other human hypocrisies. You thank God for misfortune, and take credit to yourself for pretended humbleness. You bless outwardly what I curse outwardly and inwardly. It is wise in you—for the world smiles upon you, while it turns its back even upon my shadow."

"That is the view you take of it," said Doctor Bax, flying to his new philosophy for consolation.

"It is not your fault—it springs from your unfortunate inheritance, and I pity you for it."

"Bestow your pity where it is more welcome. Look you here, Doctor Bax, who is the braver, the more honest and genuine of the two? You, who cringe beneath unmerited misfortune and thank God for it, or I, who rebel against it and curse it as I do, as I shall, until I die? And so the world may go and hang itself for all the love I bear it, and I might go and hang myself for all the love it bears me! That's my philosophy. A tougher one than yours, you'll admit."

"A tough one indeed," said the doctor, shaking his head, sadly; "but I lay no blame to you for thinking thus, and I take no credit to myself for being different. That I am the happier of the two—"

"Of a piece with the rest!" interrupted Stephen, with a contemptuous laugh. "It would be giving the lie to your professions if you failed to remind me that you occupy the sunny side of the road."

"No, no!" cried the doctor, remorsefully, catching the subtle taunt conveyed in the reproach, "I had no such meaning in my mind, believe me. What I meant to express was sympathy for you—but I am the veriest bungler! Not that I give you right either; you are as wrong as a wrong-headed man can possibly be. Here is our young friend"—indicating William Fairfield—"engaged to be married to the sweetest girl in Devonshire——"

Stephen Winkworth interrupted him again.

"The sweetest, because she has a fair face."

"The sweetest," said Doctor Bax, warmly, "because she is good and pure. Suppose William Fairfield thought as you do! A pretty kettle of fish that would be! And nice ideas yours are to carry about with one at Christmas-time! I declare, seriously, I am sorry for you."

"It is true, then, that you are going to marry Reuben Harrild's daughter," said Stephen, turning to the young farmer. "You love her frantically, of course?"

"I love her as she deserves to be loved," was the simple reply.

"Tricked by her pretty face!" sneered Stephen. "Take care that your doll does not deceive you! Watch her; never let her out of your sight! But be as wary as you may, she is no true woman if she do not play you false."

"Do not answer him, William," said the doctor, checking the hot reply that rose to the young man's lips. "He does not know what he is saying—he of all others, should not doubt the purity of woman's love."

"Loved!" exclaimed Stephen, with sudden passion; "a fiction! a sham! a delusion! It is bought and sold. Believe in it, trust in it, lavish all your thoughts on it, centre all the earnestness of your soul on it; and wake up one day from your dream, and see your idol defaced, dishonored, lying at your feet!"

"No, no," said Doctor Bax earnestly. "He does not mean it, William. Do not believe that he means it. He knows that it is no delusion—he knows that it is all good and holy. Why, William, think of his daughter——"

"Hush, man, for God's sake! Do not let her hear you!"

As Stephen, thus imploring, cast a frightened glance at the window above, the white face of the girl disappeared. Neither he nor his companions had been conscious of its presence there.

"Dear, dear!" said Doctor Bax, as he and William walked away; "what an unfortunate inheritance has fallen to that man's lot! Come, Will, let us have a race to the house. Whoever gets there first has first kiss from Laura."

Off they set, running as fast as their legs would

carry them, towards Warleycombe Lodge, where they arrived in a state of laughing breathlessness.

Meanwhile, Stephen Winkworth, with the same bitter feelings at his heart, stood watching their departing forms, without a thought in unison with the sacred peacefulness of the evening. The shadows deepened, and the reflection from the dying sun's couch of fire grew darker and darker every moment; and as the night stole on, Stephen's mood kept pace with its increasing sombreness. But a wave of gentler feeling passed over his face at the sound of a low, plaintive voice from the house.

"Father!"

"My child!" said Stephen, in a tone so strangely soft and sweet that it was hard to believe it proceeded from the man who had within the last few minutes conversed with such harshness.

He turned to go in, but to his side had crept a figure so wan, so pitiful, that unaccustomed eyes looking upon it for the first time would have filled with grief at the unhappy sight.

A girl, dwarfed and misshapen, with a face on which a poignant grief had so firmly set its seal that an expression of gladness seemed almost an impossibility. A girl scarcely eighteen years of age, humpbacked and deformed, and with little of the grace of youth about her to denote that she was in the Spring-time of her life. One mark of comeliness was hers—her hair, which was soft and golden; but as it lay against her skin, it seemed to mock her with its beauty.

As the man looked down upon her crippled form, a shudder of remorse passed through him, and he stooped to press his cheek to hers caressingly.

"Well, my lass!" he cried, with an attempt at light-heartedness, "we must make ourselves fine to-night. Reuben Harrild's house will be filled with gay company to welcome Christmas mirth! As though Christmas could not go on well enough without their tomfoolery!"

Nothing but a sigh answered him for a time. Presently, "Father," said the girl, "I wish you would not speak so lightly of Christmas. It is the only holiday we have in all the year. It is a good time."

"No time is good for me, while I see you thus," said he, with deep emotion, as he smoothed the hair from her face. "I have no holiday while you are suffering."

"Yes," she answered, dreamily, "it is wearisome, wearisome! But I am not quite unhappy, father. It cannot last for ever. I sometimes feel contented with my pain when I think of by and-by; and Christmas seems to belong to it. It is a good season."

"I could think so, child, if I saw you, as I see others, enjoying the time as they do. All seasons would be good to me—ay, even to me, whom all men hate——"

"No, no, father!" she pleaded.

"All seasons would be good to me if I could see you, as I see others of your age, happy and light-hearted—if I could see you, as I have seen you in my dreams—as I should see you but for the blight that fell upon my life, when you were—I thank God for it!—too young to remember. Forgive me, my child, for causing these tears. Let me kiss them away."

"It cannot be helped," she said, with a kind or playful humor, casting a glance of compassion at her stunted shape. "Doctor Bax said I could never come straight again. 'Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can make Humpty Dumpty straight again.' But I might be worse, far worse. I have my reason, I can see and hear and speak; all these are blessings of which I might have been deprived. When I look up at the sky on such a night as this, I feel that my life is not as dark as it might be."

It was dark enough to the morose man, as he stood by the side of his maimed child, fighting with his soul.

"I could be happier—I know I could be happier, if you and the world were different to each other—if you did not regard it as your enemy. But that will never be, father, will it?"

"No, child, it never will be. I cannot play the hypocrite, and lie to you."

"Yet you are good and kind to me. Why should you love me so dearly, and be bitter with all others? All men and women are not bad. See, father, there is my angel!"

She pointed upwards to a large, gray cloud, with white, fleecy wings, which her imagination had quaintly fashioned into the figure of an angel.

Stephen's features assumed an anxious expression at the mention of Laura Harrild's name.

"If you were to ask me my idea of perfect happiness, I should answer Laura Harrild. She is young, beautiful, and good—and she loves and is beloved—Oh, my heart!"

There was such anguish in the poor girl's voice that every nerve in Stephen's body quivered in sympathy as he supported her head upon his shoulder.

"Do you guess my secret, father?" she whispered.

"To my sorrow, dear child."

"I cannot help it. I have struggled against it vainly, feeling how hopeless it is. I have always loved him, miserable girl that I am! I do not know how it came, except that he is so brave and strong and handsome, while I am nothing but a poor, ugly cripple. Is life worth having, I wonder, in such a shape as mine? If I were somebody else, and saw such a creature as myself, I should look down with pity upon her, and ask whether she would not be happier if she were dead. I have seen girls ragged, and without a shoe to their feet, and have envied them because they were strong and had straight limbs, and were free from pain—which I seldom have, unless I am asleep."

"They suffer much," said Stephen, attempting to draw consolation for her from the misery of others; "they are often without a meal or a bed."

"But they are free," she cried; "they are free, and I am a slave! Though they have not a shilling in their pockets, their hearts are sometimes light, and they smile and enjoy. I have seen them—I have seen them! What happiness there must be in poverty! You are a rich man, father."

"I have money, child. It is yours to spend as you wish."

"Money cannot buy love. Money will not make me different from what I am, and it seems to be powerless to bring sunshine into our house. Are all homes like ours? There is no light in it; it is desolate and deserted. You and I are like two hermits, shut out from the world. In what way has this come, and must it always be so? Surely there is something better in life than my experience has shown me. Ah, yes; there is something better in it. There is love in it, which I shall never, never have!"

She was speaking to herself now, while he sat watching her, humbly and in silence. Morose and churlish as he was to all others, here he was a slave, and, had he possessed the power, he would have laid his heart in her lap, could it have insured her a day's happiness.

"To-night is Christmas," she resumed, "and we shall go round to Mr. Harrild's house, and see so many people dancing, and laughing, and playing forfeits, while I shall sit in a corner glaring at them, like the envious old witch I have read of in fairy stories. I am quite an hideous, I know; and it is natural and proper that they should not come and pay court to me, as they do to each other. And I deserve it, father," she exclaimed, her mood suddenly changing—"I deserve it for reviling the world and everybody in it, as I am doing. I deserve it for having bad and uncharitable thoughts at such a good and sacred time as Christmas—for it is a good time, after all, is it not?"

No words can express the entreatings earnestness with which she strove to urge this belief upon him; it could not fail to soften the hard man's heart; and he said gently:

"It is a good time, child."

And with his hand touching her neck lovingly, they went into the house together.

At Reuben Harrild's there was assembled on this evening as merry and light-hearted a company as ever met within four walls. Genial faces everywhere; smiles and cheerful looks on all sides, from old and young. Every person contiguously and spontaneously—I don't care if the terms are somewhat contradictory—every person contagiously and spontaneously on his best behavior, ready to shake every other person's hand, with as much amiability as can be expressed by the pressure of palms and fingers. And, if such a thing as truth exists, hearts accompanied the pressure. As for duplicity, double-dealing, suspicion of motives, artful maneuvering for selfish purposes, such qualities were purely mythical, good enough to put color into dreams, but utterly unimaginative—almost comical to think of—as to any part they might play in the business of life. The business of life! What am I thinking of? Such term is not admissible here. Business, to the right-about! It is Christmas Eve, and the world is pleasant to heart and eye, abounding in sweet and loving and charitable thought.

But—I am bound to confess it—there was heart-burning in the kitchen. For in that region of shining stew and saucers, in whose polished surfaces the genial reflection of jolly time was clearly visible, Samuel Meldrum, the man-servant of the establishment, had, by the merest accident, come plump upon Kitty Simons, the maid-servant of the establishment, and had discovered her in the act of being kissed, beneath the miserable pretense of a piece of mistletoe, by a retainer of low degree, who, being specially recommended by Samuel Meldrum, had been temporarily engaged to assist in the general joy, and had thus basely betrayed the trust reposed in him. Now, Samuel Meldrum regarded the kisses of pretty Kitty Simons, both from and for, as his especial prerogative, and most particularly and solely within his department at Christmas time. This act of the temporary retainer was clearly, therefore, an act of treachery, and as such was regarded by his patron, who, after treating the treacherous dependant to a "piece of his mind," glared at Kitty with eyes in which love and jealousy were plainly depicted.

Pretty Kitty, busy at the dresser, whither she had demurely walked after the kiss under the mistletoe, was, of course, entirely unconscious of the state of Samuel Meldrum's feelings—which was the reason why she furtively watched him from beneath her dark eyelashes, and wondered when he was going to speak.

But Samuel's moral dignity was hurt, and he preserved silence—more from not knowing what to say than from any other cause.

"They're playing games up-stairs," said Kitty, taking the bull by the horns; "such games!"

Samuel only grunted.

"They're playing," said Kitty, slyly, "I love my love with a A, because he's amiable and amusing and a angel; and I hate my love with a A, because he's aggravating and absurd and annoying; and his name ain't Alexander, and he comes from Aberdeen, and I took him to the sign of the Ax and the Anchor and treated him to apples and anchovies."

"And I don't love my love with a We," retorted Samuel, goaded into a full sense of his wrongs by the pretty maid's attempt at conciliation, "because she's vicious and wile and a wixen; and I hate my love with a we, because she's vulgar and wain and a wiper; and her name ain't Venus, and she came from Wandieman's Land, and I took her to the sign of the Wenomous Vampire and treated her to winegar and water."

The retort caused Kitty to smile to herself more slyly than ever, for the next best thing to a declaration of love from a man you have a liking for is a declaration of his jealousy, and there was no doubt that Samuel was in a desperate condition.

The temporary retainer, driven by Kitty's distracting airs into a state of over-bubbling love, listened to this quarrel with secret pleasure, and, beguiling Kitty under the mistletoe, attempted to snatch from her tempting lips a repetition of the temporary bliss which had fired his soul.

But this time he reckoned without his host.

Kitty—sly puss that she was—knowing that Samuel was near, pretended to struggle with the poacher, crying out, with affected indignation:

"How dare you, sir! What do you mean by it? Oh, Samuel, Samuel! Save me!"

Whereupon Samuel, his jealousy melting in the warmth of this appeal, flew to the rescue, and caught Kitty in his arms, where she lay panting, her pouting lips in a direct line with the mistletoe, and looking altogether so lovely and bewitching that—Well, he did what you would have done—kissed her once and again and again, and would have gone on for there is no saying how long, had not Kitty run away to hide her blushes and delight.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S DAY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION COMMITTEE ON ELECTION DAY.

IT accorded with "the eternal fitness of things" that the women of the land should have a "Day" at the Centennial Exhibition, as well as the men of the different States of the Union. This "fitness" was still further regarded by the selection of election-day—that day in which husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts, were doing their duty as citizens, by electing the next President (?).

One of the most notable things about the grounds on election-day was the scarcity of men and the plentiness of women. Seldom had an unfair sky frowned upon a larger assemblage of the patriotic fair than that at the Exhibition on that day, and more seldom had the ardor of Centennial receptions or reunions been less diminished by unfavorable circumstances than the reception given by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, in behalf of the Woman's Centennial Executive Committee, of which she is the president. A stage, with a tall trophy of flags and handsome banners rising in the background, had been erected in the northern wing of the Woman's Pavilion, facing the fountain in the centre. From all round the base of the rotunda hung flags representing every nation. The eastern gallery, occupied by the Girard College Band, who performed frequently throughout the day, was festooned in front with Star Spangled banners. Everything and everybody were in gala dress. Prior to the ceremony of the day, those exhibitors in the Woman's Pavilion who have been regularly in attendance and working there, presented a number of elegant mantel-ornaments of bronze to Mrs. M. M. Husband, Mrs. E. A. Caldwell, Mrs. E. M. Long and Miss E. Horner, members of the Executive Committee, who responded appropriately to the respective presentation addresses. The reception began about noon, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Sanders, vice-president of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Colonel John W. Forney, Miss McTieny, Mrs. Hooper, of Boston, and other ladies, principally members of the committee, being on the stage. The president continued several hours receiving guests, those first favored with her greeting of welcome being the officers of the various sub-committees in this and other States. The reception being ended, Mrs. Gillespie briefly addressed the throng of ladies and gentlemen, welcoming them, *en masse*, to the Woman's Department of the Centennial, and thanking them for their generous response to the call for a "Woman's Day." After the address, Mrs. Hawley and other ladies presented to the guests, as the latter moved past the stage, neat little pamphlets containing an epitomized historical sketch of the Woman's Department of the Exhibition. About eight thousand of these were distributed as souvenirs of the Centennial. The Committee of Arrangements for the reception consisted of Mrs. William B. Mann, Mrs. Rand, Mrs. Dr. Claridge, Mrs. Conn and Mrs. Zell. The Woman's Centennial Committee was organized in February, 1873. They have added \$126,000 to the treasury of the Board of Finance. They have also erected a special building at a cost of \$35,000, and filled it with creditable exhibition of woman's work. The organization exists in thirty-two States, and has resolved to continue permanently, under the name of the Woman's National Centennial League.

One of the most successful projects of the women of this committee has been the publication of a weekly paper all during the Exhibition, called the *New Century for Women*, made up entirely by women's work, the publisher (Mrs. John W. Forney), the editor (Mrs. Hallowell), contributors, and all the type-setters, being of the fair sex. Mrs. Forney and her colleagues deserve great credit for this "triumph in journalism."

CENTENNIAL BAKING.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER PAVILION.

OUR illustration on page 207 shows one of the most popular exhibits of domestic interest which has been in progress in the Agricultural Hall during the Exhibition. It is that of the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York City. The chief feature of this exhibit, and one which has proved especially attractive to the ladies, consists in a practical illustration of how to bake the

most delicious bread, biscuit, cakes, pastry, etc., by the use of the celebrated Royal Baking Powder.

The large circular pavilion is fitted up with gas-stoves, ovens, and all the appliances for a small bakery, and a baker is on hand, engaged from morning until evening in showing the efficiency of the Royal Baking Powder, in producing the light, flaky, delicious products, which are freely distributed, as they come fresh and hot from the ovens, to the eager crowds which at all times surround the stand. Three millions of hot buttered biscuit and rolls have here been given away, and more than two million griddle and buckwheat-

The manufactory of this popular powder has grown into immense size, and we are informed, is now by far the largest establishment of the kind in the world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIR HENRY ELLIOT PRESENTING CREDENTIALS TO THE SULTAN.

On October 5th Sir Henry Elliot, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, had an audience with Sultan Abdul-Hamid, in order to present his credentials. The ceremony took place at the Palace of Dolma Bagiché, and the forms were those usually observed in the official recognition of a new monarch after his accession—the Sultan and the Ambassador exchanging diplomatic civilities, assisted by the Foreign Minister, Sevif Pacha, and the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Kiamil Bey. In the background of the sketch may be seen the Ambassadorial suit, including the Chaplain in a D.D. gown, and the doctor in evening dress. After the audience the Ambassador and his suite retired to the ante-room, where the usual refreshment of pipes and coffee—dispensed to visitors in every Turkish household, from the hovel to the palace—were served. The Turks, however, took nothing, it being the sacred month of Ramadan, during which period their religion enjoins them to take neither meat nor drink from the rising to the setting of the sun, strict Mussulmans not venturing even to spit or to blow their nose until the gun announces the disappearance of the sun beneath the horizon. During the hours of darkness, however, ample amends are made for the forced abstinence of the day. On the following Saturday Sir Henry Elliot had a private audience of the Sultan, at which the latter, although very urbane and polite, is said to have referred all questions respecting politics to his Grand Vizier

THE TURKISH REBELLION.

The prompt humanity which actuated the English ladies, at the beginning of the Turkish rebellion, to send nurses and establish hospitals in the insurrectionary provinces, will be a lasting leaf in the chapter of Christian charity. In the person of Mrs. White, wife of the British Consul, Belgrade has had its Florence Nightingale. The hospital shown in our cut was named after her, the Katherine Hospital, in recognition of her self-sacrificing services and generous support. Another cut represents the "Recognizing the Killed" in the deadhouse at Rasauz. The foregoing scene will, doubtless, recall familiar experiences to many of our readers, and shows that the instinct of self-preservation is identical in its manifestations in all climes.

THE MOUNTAIN WAR IN FIJI.

The annexation of the Fiji Islands to the British Empire, though effected by a voluntary cession on the part of King Thakombau and other ruling chiefs, has been followed by an obstinate local conflict. In the central mountain region of Viti Levu, which is one of the two large islands of that archipelago, there is a wild race of cannibals inhabiting the banks of the Sigatoka River. These savages have made ferocious incursions upon the dwellings of the more settled native population, who were long since converted to Christianity by the Wesleyan Missionaries. In April last they came down upon the Nadi and Nadroga provinces, and burned several villages, killing and eating of the Bajri people alone eighteen women and children. The Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, had before that time met their chiefs, and had warned them to keep the peace. He defeated them in several engagements, and on June 18th captured the rock fortress of Matanavatu, seen on the right of the cut, which had been supposed to be impregnable.

TAME FISH IN BURMAH.

The city of Mandalay, in Burmah, is on the Irrawaddy River, about 500 miles above Rangoon. One of its attractions to the few Europeans who have visited the place is the tame fish which are kept there in the river in the charge of persons attached to the Royal Court or in charge of the pagodas.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY'S EXHIBITION.

A number of prizes are annually given by the Worshipful Company of Turners of London for the best specimens of work in the three branches of their ancient art—hard and soft wood-turning, pottery and diamond-polishing. The prize distribution of this year took place on October 12th, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, where, for some days previous, the objects intended for competition had been displayed, and had been inspected by large numbers of workmen. There were thirty-six competitors, and nineteen prizes were awarded by the Lady Mayoress in the pottery class, for wood-turning and diamond-cutting and polishing.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

PICKING UP CIGAR-STUMPS, for which the dealers pay three francs a kilogram, is so profitable an industry in Paris, that, according to the ever-veracious *Figaro*, the young bloods of the city go round with brads in the heels of their boots whereby they transfix the casual stub. They also wear spurs, which are, indeed, a part of the equipment of all fashionable pedestrians. When these high-toned scavengers gaff a condemned cigar, they jerk up the heel, and under pretense of arranging their spurs transfer the prize to their pockets. They make, says *Figaro*, from twenty-five to thirty francs a day, which represents an average yield of from seventeen to twenty-four pounds of cigar-stumps daily per collector.

AN INDUSTRIOUS young lady in this State is making a cloak almost entirely of partridge-feathers. It will be a unique piece of clothing, and very pretty and comfortable, though it requires an immense amount of labor and perseverance to put it together. In it will be at least 10,000 feathers of different sizes, the lower portion of the cloak being made of the tail-feathers, and then ranging up; the breast-feathers come next, while the variegated plumage around the neck of the bird will encircle the white throat of the lady. It will require about 100 partridges to fill out the regular course of feathers, which are placed in layers similar to the way in which they grow on the bird. When finished, the cloak will be valued at \$50, though in New York it would be worth probably double that amount.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

HON. A. MCKENZIE, the Premier of Canada, spent the last week proper of the Exhibition in viewing its wonders.

EMU EGGS encrusted with silver are ornaments whose novelty and beauty attract throngs to the Australian jewelers' cases.

TWO OF P. T. BARNUM'S AGENTS HAVE ARRANGED FOR THE PACKING OF THE CEREAL EXHIBITS IN THE KANSAS AND COLORADO BUILDING, WHICH WILL BE SHIPPED TO EUROPE FOR EXHIBITION.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL CENTENNIAL LEAGUE IS THE NEW NAME OF THE WOMAN'S CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, WHICH HAS, WITH MRS. GILLESPIE AT ITS HEAD, RESOLVED ITSELF INTO A PERMANENT BODY.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PROPOSED PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN THE MAIN BUILDING ARE ACTIVELY AT WORK, AND ARE OUT WITH A LONG STRING OF REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF EXHIBITORS.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, IN GREEN COUNTY, O., WILL BE THE PERMANENT LOCATION OF THE BISHOP ALLES MONUMENT, WHICH WAS TEMPORARILY ERECTED ON THE GROUNDS BY THE AFRICAN METHODISTS, NOVEMBER 2D.

AN ACCESSION TO THE MINERAL DISPLAY IN THE WESTERN EXTREMITY OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING HAS BEEN MADE IN THE SHAPE OF ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS OF CRYSTALLIZED GALENA EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER IN THE WORLD. THE SPECIMENS ARE FROM MISSOURI.

NOVEMBER 30TH IS THE DAY ON WHICH THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS, THE PROPERTY OF WHICH IS RESTED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE COMMISSION, WILL BE EXPOSED FOR SALE UNDER THE HAMMER. THIS DOES NOT INCLUDE MACHINERY HALL AND MEMORIAL HALL, WHICH REVERT BACK TO THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, WHICH FURNISHED THE MEANS FOR THEIR ERECTION.

FOUR BOXES OF ANTIQUE CHINESE VASES FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF HU KWANG YUNG, MINISTER OF FINANCE IN CHINA, THE LAST CONTRIBUTION OF CHINA, WERE RECEIVED IN THAT DEPARTMENT OF THE MAIN BUILDING BY MR. FOCKE, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CELESTIAL PATRON OF INDUSTRIAL ART ON OCTOBER 31ST. THESE RARE ORNAMENTS ARE TINTED IN VERMILLION, BLUE, ULRAMARINE AND GOLD, AND ARE REGARD AS SOME OF THE FINEST REMNANTS OF THE EASTERN LOST ARTS NOW EXISTANT.

HON. AUGUSTUS MORRIS, EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER FROM NEW SOUTH WALES, IN A LETTER, EARNESTLY REQUESTS AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OF MACHINERY TO TRANSMIT SOME OF THEIR EXHIBITS TO SYDNEY FOR ITS EXHIBITION, WHICH WILL BE OPENED IN APRIL OR MAY NEXT. THE GREAT GROWING TRADE EXISTING BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND AUSTRALIA, AND THE ADAPTABILITY OF CERTAIN AMERICAN MACHINERY TO AUSTRALIA, WARRANTS, HE THINKS, A STRICT ATTENTION OF AMERICANS TO THE SUBJECT.

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT SOCIETY HAS PLACED A DESIGN OF THE MONUMENT AND A COLLECTION-BOX IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND IN EACH OF THE STATE AND CITY BUILDINGS, AND EARNESTLY SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WORK. THE SOCIETY REPRESENTS THAT, IN ADDITION TO THE \$200,000 SUBSCRIPTION VOTED BY CONGRESS AT ITS LAST SESSION, IT HAS ABOUT \$100,000 IN CASH ON HAND AND RESPONSIBLE SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM STATE LEGISLATURES, BANKS, SECRET AND BENEFICIAL SOCIETIES, ETC.

THE FULL CASH RECEIPTS FROM ADMISSES OF ALL KINDS FOR EACH MONTH OF THE EXHIBITION, AS COMPILED FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORD, ARE:

May	\$189,499 35

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—GOVERNOR TILDEN IN HIS PARLOR, AT NO. 15 GRAMERCY PARK.



MR. RECEIVING THE TIDINGS OF THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 10TH.—SEE PAGE 199.

REUNION.

WHERE shall we meet who parted long ago?
The frosty stars were twinkling in the sky,
The moorland lay before us white with snow,
The north wind smote our faces rushing by.
Where shall we meet? On such a moorland lone?
In crowded city street, or country lane?
On sandy beach-walk, while the sea makes moan?
In quiet chamber? Shall we meet again
On any spot of old familiar ground,
Our childish haunts? or in a far-off land?
Ah me! what if on earth no spot be found
For longing eyes to meet, and clasping hand?
What then?—If angry fate reunion bars,
A better meeting waits beyond the stars.

When shall we meet who parted in the night?
At some calm dawning, or in noon tide heat?
To day? to-morrow? or will years take flight?
Before our yearning hearts find welcome sweet?
When shall we meet? While Summer roses lie
Beside our path, and rustic overhead?
Or later, when a leaden Winter sky
Looks coldly on the empty garden-bed?
While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours?
Or only when our hair is growing gray?
Ah me! we may have done with earthly hours
Before it comes to us, that happy day!
What then?—Let life's lone path be humbly trod,
And where or when we meet, we leave to God.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDIKRE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED).

"FROM the day of my fainting-fit, Miss Hazelwood, I felt a deep and steadily increasing interest in 'The Attaché.'

He was to me a living, breathing mystery—a man locked up within himself, his history, his name sealed beyond mortal ken—a sort of walking mummy, a death in life. For some inexplicable reason, the poor fellow began to show for me a lively attachment, and would follow me about the wards like a dog. Like begets like. Better days were dawning upon me, and I felt that I could afford to be generous. So, one day, when Doctor Ware dropped dead from heart-disease in his own bed-chamber, leaving his *protégé* forlorn and friendless again, I removed the latter to a little cottage outside the city limits, where I was then dwelling with Cuckoo. His attachment for me extended to the child. The two became inseparable companions. One day he picked up a flute belonging to me, and played an opera-air with great taste and power. A knowledge of music was the only part of his old self which he retained intact. Often I was astonished, and Cuckoo delighted by his skill as a flutist. Under our garden-wall ran the river, and on one occasion, when the child, crippled and almost helpless, was playing on its bank, she fell over and would have been drowned, but for her strange friend who plunged into the current and brought her safely to shore. From that time, I determined that he should live and die with us.

"Three quiet, happy years went by, and then he fell ill—desperately, hopelessly ill. He had never been strong since the time of his first fearful injuries, and I now feared that my poor 'Attaché's' fate was sealed. Delirium set in, and he who had been so long silent began to rave wildly and incessantly of himself, of his past life, of a thousand things which troubled and amazed me; for they proved, beyond a doubt, that my *protégé* was no ordinary person.

"One night the hired nurse, worn out with fatigue, had lain down to rest in an adjoining room. Cuckoo, too, was fast asleep, and I watched alone by the sick man's bedside.

"He was in one of his wildest moods—raving of barrack-life—of a ball at Dublin Castle—of an affair of honor betwixt two comrades, in which he had borne some part—of England—of a rich relative whose heir he hoped to be—of a girl whom he called Ruth—till, at last, his voice died away in exhaustion, his eyes closed, and I thought he slept! Not so, however. The first I knew he had raised himself on his pillows; he was gazing at me with eyes as truly rational as any that a human soul ever looked out of.

"My God!" he cried, raising his hand to his head, 'what has happened to me? Is my wife here? Hetty, my darling, my darling!' all with the air of a man just waking from sleep. His words, his voice gave me a queer shock.

"Your wife?" I asked. 'Have you a wife? Where is she? Try to tell me something about her—something about yourself, my poor fellow.'

"He looked at me dumbfounded.

"Surely you know who I am," he answered, impatiently. 'My name is Cyril Hazelwood. Why, with a little weak laugh, 'anybody would have told you that! And Hetty—good heaven! isn't she here? I saw her not a moment ago—a fair little woman, you know; brown-eyed and yellow-haired. My darling, wee wife! Has anybody sent her word of me, or told her why I left her? I moored the boat on the other side of the bay. I hope it didn't get adrift in the storm. I meant to have written to her from Boston and explained everything. By Jove! did I do it? I've forgotten! It's a cowardly thing for a man to confess—that he's afraid of a woman, eh? But that one is a she-devil when her temper's up. 'Hell hath no furies like a woman scorned,' you know. There's a vein of weakness in the Hazelwood blood—always was. I could face a battery, but not Ruth again! Tell my darling I will return to her when that tigress goes back to England, and meanwhile she must forgive me and be patient, and believe only that I love her a thousand times better than anything else in the world—that I love none but her! My pearl—my precious darling! By-and-by we will be happy again.'

"He sprang up in bed; a change passed over his face. He stared at me in a wild, appealing way.

"Save me!" he entreated, with a gasping cry. 'Hold me! I am going!' And he fell back upon

his pillows, suffering, speechless, helpless—my poor 'Attaché' again, and nothing more.

"In some mysterious manner, a ray of light had penetrated suddenly to his darkened brain. In the midst of delirium and fever, memory and reason had returned to him for a moment. Cyril Hazelwood! I had never heard the name before, but I felt assured at once that it belonged to my 'Attaché,' that 'Hetty' was an actual being, a bride whom he loved before that terrible disaster overtook him, and shut down like impenetrable night on his brain.

"Anxiously I waited for another lucid interval—it never came. Day and night I watched beside him in the hope of gleaning something further from his past life—above all, something more regarding the wife of whom he had spoken so tenderly, but without result. For weeks he hovered between life and death, but never again talked of himself or of 'Uttley.'

"Slowly but surely he recovered. Once more he was a silent, dreary automaton—a creature far-gone, one might have thought, in idiocy. The darkness in which his senses and faculties were locked seemed to have closed upon him deeper than ever. He ceased to play the flute; for days together he would not speak either to Cuckoo or myself.

"I made haste to insert in several newspapers of Boston and New York a little notice inviting any friend of Cyril Hazelwood, who wished to learn news of him, to call upon or address me at once, but I never received a reply to the paragraph. Miss Prue Doane did not read the papers, and it also escaped the eyes of the few people in Sea View who remembered the young Englishman.

"Six months later, business of importance called me to Mexico, and there I made the acquaintance of Guy Hazelwood. Perhaps he has already told you of our Tucson experience. A few days after, he started East with me. His name—a very uncommon one—startled me somewhat, also the fact that he was English born.

"We reached St. Louis, and one night, as we sat smoking together in a quiet room of our hotel, I opened my heart to him, and told him the story of my *protégé*. He was amazed, perplexed and agitated.

"It is—it must be the Cyril Hazelwood who was disinherited to make room for my father," he cried. 'He has never been heard of in England since his departure for New York, years and years ago. But his portrait still hangs at Hazel Hall, and I may be able to recognize the family likeness; at any rate, I must see him immediately.'

"We pursued our homeward journey with all speed, and in due time arrived at the cottage where I had left Cuckoo and the 'Attaché.' It required but one look at his face, one at the signet-ring on his wasted hand, to convince Guy that he had found his missing kinsman.

"Under all his scars," he said, 'I see the Hazelwood features. He has also the Hazelwood hair, which is unmistakable. That ring bears the motto and crest of the family. He was once a captain of dragoons, therefore it is easy to understand his allusions to his military life. "Ruth" is the Miss Carew who was the original cause of his misfortunes. Of the bride 'Hetty,' I know nothing. I never heard that Cyril Hazelwood was married; but I positively and truly believe that your 'Attaché' is my kinsman, and, believing this, my duty is plain to me. I shall take him to England; his home henceforth must be at the Hall, which, but for a woman, he would have inherited. We owe him this much—my mother and I. Incurable or otherwise, it will be our duty and pleasure to care for him as long as he lives.'

"One week from that day, Guy sailed with his new-found kinsman for England. Wrecked as he was in body and mind alike, Cyril Hazelwood could still feel strong attachments. His distress at leaving me was so great that, at Guy's request, I went with him to his new home.

"Mrs. Hazelwood—well, you know her kind, generous heart, and you can guess what sort of a reception she gave the unfortunate man. A suite of rooms was allotted to him in the south wing, and tried servant, Haddon, appointed to attend him.

"The change—the return to his old home did not, as we had hoped, affect our patient favorably. He began to exhibit a violent aversion to strangers—a desire to be left to himself; and this it was which, added to his melancholy condition, prompted Mrs. Hazelwood and her son to keep his presence at the Hall a profound secret.

"He was surrounded with luxury, his will was crossed in nothing; he was allowed to walk about the grounds—which he never did however, except under cover of darkness—musical instruments were placed at his disposal, and the best medical aid in the kingdom secretly summoned to consider his case—all in vain! Cyril Hazelwood would never change till death changed him.

"I think that Mrs. Hazelwood and her son acted wisely in concealing his presence here. They wished to screen him from gossip, from idle curiosity. They thought it simple charity to keep from the world the fact that the once handsome, dashing Cyril Hazelwood was now a curseless imbecile. Consideration for him and for themselves alike, prompted them to this course. By the time I left England, our patient had become content with his home and his new friends.

"Year after year passed, and Guy wrote me that he was constantly growing weaker in body and more feeble in intellect. Then came my first meeting with you at Sea View. A few inquiries revealed to me your relation to Cyril Hazelwood, also his story, as it was known in the town. By consulting a file of old newspapers, I discovered that the date of your father's disappearance corresponded exactly with that of the railway disaster in which he had suffered so terribly. When Guy Hazelwood came and carried you away, he consulted with me upon the matter, and we agreed that it would be wise to withhold from you, for a time at least, the knowledge of Cyril Hazelwood's existence. It was something far more likely to give you pain than pleasure. In the last letter which I received from Guy, he told me it was his intention

to make known the truth to you, upon your wedding-day.

"I have all along dreaded to tell her," he said, 'though perhaps I ought to have done so, for she believes that her father eloped with Miss Carew—the present Lady Dane, of Dane Priory—a story which she got from her Yankee aunt. I fear that to see him in his present state will be a great shock to her, but I will help her to bear it.'

"Unhappily, Miss Hazelwood, the task which Guy meant for himself has fallen upon me. I do not think that I need say anything more. I am sure, by your face, that you comprehend the whole matter."

Stunned, bewildered, Dolly looked at him. She did not move or speak. In everyday life, well-bred people rarely indulge in outcry or dramatic exclamations. Yes, she understood Stephen North's story. Her father was alive—under this very roof of Hazel Hall; he had never been false to her mother, never ceased to love her. All that Lady Dane had said in the Priory garden was truth itself. Aunt Prue was wrong—Ruth Carew had been guilty of malice and falsehood, indeed, but nothing more—the invalid of the south wing was Cyril Hazelwood. And Stephen North—how strangely he was mixed up with the whole affair! Dolly rose slowly from her seat—she was colorless as marble, but quite calm.

"Where is my father?" she said, simply; "take me to him."

The doctor stepped before the door.

"Wait, Miss Hazelwood. There is something else for which I must prepare you. Cyril Hazelwood is seriously hurt." She gave a little gasp.

"He struck the stone balustrade as he fell from the ladder. I received an impetus in another direction, and escaped uninjured." She looked him full in the face.

"My father is dying, Doctor North—is that what you wish to say?"

"Yes, he is dying; and at this last hour God has mercifully restored to him that which was taken away more than twenty years ago. He is himself again—in full possession of his senses. He knows that he is at Hazel Hall, his old home—knows, also, that he has a daughter. He has asked for you—come!"

A shiver of dread ran over her for a moment, then she let him take her cold, white hand silently, and lead her away.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DUST AND ASHES.

THEY ascended the stairs and stopped at the door of Mrs. Hazelwood's own chamber. Doctor North glanced once at his companion, then turned the knob silently, and the two entered.

Mrs. Hazelwood herself, tearful and pale, met them at the threshold and beckoned them in. A carefully shaded lamp cast a dim light through the room. In one corner stood the bed, with its befrilled and belaced pillows and satin coverlet. Stretched upon it lay the skeleton figure of Cyril Hazelwood, his long, gray hair sweeping about his ashy face, his head supported on the arm of Haddon, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the door.

With a little cry, Dolly glided forward and fell on her knees by his side. This was the father that she had never known—the weak, but not wicked father, whom Aunt Prue and her own heart had wronged so much. At last the mystery of his life was explained. She had found him, at last, and he was dying! Dolly had never before looked upon death, and a great awe and anguish rushed over her. Mrs. Hazelwood took her hand, and laid it in that of Cyril Hazelwood.

"My daughter!" he murmured, gazing at her with eager, loving eyes. "Hetty's child!" and he half raised himself against Doctor North, who sprang to support him. "Yes, yes, she has her mother's eyes—my darling, my darling, speak to me!"

Dolly carried his thin hand to her lips, and covered it with kisses and tears.

"Father!" she faltered, but her voice broke, and she could say no more. Feebly he gathered her into his arms.

Yes, he was in full possession of his mental powers once more. Mrs. Hazelwood had told him of himself—of his child—of his beloved bride Hetty, dead for more than twenty years, that were to him one horrible blank, without memory or meaning.

In a strange, sad fashion, this man had been cheated out of his life, and now, in his last hour, it was permitted him, as a sort of recompense, perhaps, to see and embrace the daughter of whose existence he had never known.

Folded to his heart Dolly lay, hearing him murmur over her, such broken words as these:

"And so my darling died at your birth—for more than twenty years she has been lying in that old grave-yard at Sea View? Ours was a hard fate, was it not? God grant that yours may be happier, my child! And Hetty thought me drowned—poor darling! She died believing that?"

Instinctively Dolly knew that Mrs. Hazelwood had refrained from telling him of the dark matter which had so utterly misled herself, and she answered through her tears, "Yes, yes!"

There was no time now to distract him with the history of Ruth Carew's falsehood. He held her off, and looked at her intently.

"You have the Hazelwood face," he murmured; "you are a true daughter of the family. Surely these friends who have done so much for me will be kind to you!"

His eyes wandered to Stephen North and Mrs. Hazelwood. Both answered impressively, "We will—we will!"

Dolly lay motionless in his arms. He was breathing with great difficulty.

"Ah, what fatality!" she heard him groan, as his thoughts were dwelling on his own sad, darkened life.

Haddon, the faithful attendant who had watched him so long, stood on one side of the bed, Mrs. Hazelwood and Doctor North upon the other. The shaded lamp cast a sad, uncertain light upon the silent group. Doctor Stephen North took up the hand of the patient, and counted the pulse-beats in the feeble wrist, then looked over at Mrs. Hazelwood and made an expressive sign, but neither spoke. Dolly's white face was hidden upon her

new-found father's shoulder, her arms clasped his neck. In the chamber an ominous hush settled, broken only by the hoarse, labored breath of the dying man. So they waited for the end, which could not be far away.

The first rose-tints of dawn began to appear on the panes of an eastern window. The twitter of birds was audible in the dewy garden.

Suddenly, Cyril Hazelwood stirred—he pressed closer the pale cheek on his breast.

"Hetty!" His feeble mind was wandering far away—it was the bride of twenty-one years before, that he held to his heart, not the daughter that he had never known. "Hetty, are you here? The sun is setting—let us go out on the bay. Love me, darling—tell me that you love me—I have heard you say it for a long, long time."

"I love you—I love you!" said Dolly, speaking for herself and for the mother who had died so many years before. Upon his wasted, haggard face dawned a smile of unutterable happiness.

"Hetty's voice!" he murmured—"there was never another like it. God bless you, darling?"

It was the mother that he embraced and blessed in the child—the dead and gone mother, in the glory of her early wifehood, and Dolly knew it, and clung the closer to him, and laid her young cheek against his worn and haggard one, and hushed her very breath to catch the words which proved to her, beyond a doubt, how truly he had loved pretty, golden-haired Hetty Hazelwood.

The eastern window grew brighter and brighter. Mrs. Hazelwood stepped noiselessly to the table, and extinguished the failing lamp.

"God bless you, darling!" The sufferer repeated the words with strange, lingering tenderness; then there was silence in the chamber. The arm which he had cast around Dolly fell to the counterpane. Doctor North took it up, then laid it quietly back again. He stooped over the prostrate girl.

"Come away, Miss Hazelwood," he said in a low voice. "He is dead!"

Yes, the cheek which pressed her own was already growing cold. He had breathed his soul out in those last words. With a look of unutterable peace on his worn face, Cyril Hazelwood lay in the struggling light of early morning, with closed eyes and sealed lips, his troubous life ended—weary heart and wasted brain alike at rest.

Mrs. Hazelwood took Dolly's hand, and led her out of the chamber.

"It is better so!" she said solemnly. "Death came to him like a friend—a far kinder friend than life, Dolly. Let us be thankful that his sufferings are over—that he is, at last, reunited to the woman he loved."

They went away to Dolly's own room.

"You are quite worn out," said Mrs. Hazelwood. "Lie down and rest, and I will sit beside you, my dear child."

Dolly obeyed. She was utterly exhausted, and too miserable even for tears. The events of the night seemed strangely unreal to her. She had found her father, and lost him again. That stark, dead man up-stairs, worn, scarred and prematurely gray, was the same Cyril Hazelwood whose handsome face hung in the portrait-gallery of the Hall. Benumbed with sorrow and fatigue, she tried to think the matter over, but failed. Mrs. Hazelwood spread a warm wrap above her, and seated herself by the bed, with one of the girl's hands locked fast in her own. That kind, sympathetic touch soothed Dolly unconsciously. Sleep mercifully overtook her, and she knew no more.

(To be continued.)

CENTENNIAL BEER.

THE BREWERS' BUILDING ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

EARLY in the history of the Centennial movement the brewers of the country decided to erect a building for the purpose of a complete brewers' industrial exhibition of malt liquor, malt, hops, and all the

in the world. The model represents a heavy timber building with a steep roof thatched with straw, and it contains all the vats, tubs, etc. in use in the former times, with the wooden hand-pumps and other old-fashioned apparatus.

Near the centre of the building a complete set of brewing machinery has been placed in position, to illustrate the process of making beer. In the top story is the mash-tub, in which the malt is stirred by machinery with hot water, making the mash. The liquor obtained from the mash is called the wort, and is allowed to flow from the mash-tub through a finely perforated copper false bottom into the large copper kettle which stands below; here it is heated and pumped back into the mash-tub and again mixed with the malt, so as to extract all the substance from it. The wort is then allowed to run into the kettle again, and hops are added, and the mixture boiled several hours. It then runs into a large vat, called the "hop jack," which has a false bottom, through which the hot beer is strained, after which it is pumped up and allowed to flow over the tubular cooler. From the cooler it is taken, at a very low temperature, into the fermenting tube, where it is allowed to stand eight or ten days to ferment, and is then placed in the storage casks to be stored away until it is barrelled for the market.

All these processes are illustrated by the machinery and utensils in full size, placed as exhibits by different makers.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR POLITICAL REFORM.

INCIDENTS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN NEW YORK CITY.

GOVERNOR TILDEN RECEIVING THE ELECTION NEWS.

AMID the intense excitements of a Presidential campaign and election, the appeals of professional partisans, the earnestness of voters, and the kaleidoscopic changes at the polling stations, New York city is deserving of unstinted credit for the good order she maintained on the memorable 7th. Few arrests were made, and these were for slight offenses. Business was generally suspended, and, with the exception of the throngs in the neighborhood of the ticket-booths and stations, the city appeared as if trying to make the most out of a dismal holiday. It was not until evening that the real excitement of the occasion began to manifest itself. Tammany Hall, the Everett House, (where the Democratic Committee was in session), the Fifth Avenue Hotel (headquarters of the Republican Committee), and Printing House Square, became the centre of the most engrossing interest.

Lighted from cellar to roof, the large transparency in front brightly illuminated, and the grand display of fireworks sent up from the lot opposite, with the glare of rockets, the detonation of shells, Tammany Hall was brilliant beyond precedent.

Each of the morning papers had bulletins erected, upon which returns were marked as they were received from the telegraph-offices, while in many of the theatres the returns were read between the acts.

When it appeared evident that the Democratic National, State and County tickets had been successful, the streets grew noisy with cheers and the discharge of bombs and fireworks, and brilliant with a general illumination.

The city residence of Governor Tilden, No. 15 Gramercy Park, wore a very unassuming appearance. A wire had been stretched to the house, by which he received dispatches every few moments. Messengers were flying between the house and the Democratic headquarters.

To hear the returns, number of family friends were with him early, and to their number were added the Governor's political friends, who poured in later in the evening to tender their congratulations. At about ten o'clock Messrs. Algernon S. Sullivan and Augustus Schell arrived at the head of the delegation from Tammany Hall to request the Governor to go down to the Wigwam and receive the congratulations of the Sachems. But the Governor thought it would hardly do to take time by the forelock, and said it was better to wait until the result was placed beyond a possible doubt. An hour later the Hon. John Kelly, ruddy and joyous, appeared, and had an interview of considerable length with the President-elect. The Governor was calm and composed under his budding honors. From the start he had worn a quiet, assured air, that was so assured that it could scarcely become more confident, and he became even quieter as time wore on. His first congratulatory dispatch, which was from Summit, N. J., was received with manifest satisfaction. Nor were his guests noisily excited over the news of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy. The dispatches were read with composure, and the Governor received all congratulations very quietly. He frequently expressed himself as greatly satisfied with the results, and seemed particularly pleased with the news from the interior of the State, and at one time remarked, "I guess we've got them this time sure."

On Wednesday morning it was announced that Mr. Tilden had been elected, having secured more electoral votes than Mr. Hayes, although several Southern States were yet to be heard from. In the afternoon the reports became exceedingly conflicting, each party claiming the election, while in the evening the doubt had so far increased that thousands swarmed about the bulletin-boards and telegraph-offices, and stood their ground until daylight awaiting decisive intelligence.

Thursday gave no relief to the suspense. The crowds gathered as usual. Flags were thrown out timidly, and many withdrawn as unsatisfactory telegrams came in. Republicans mustered up much courage and grew buoyant; Democrats insisted upon their triumph, but suppressed their enthusiasm; all shared fully an almost unparalleled eagerness to learn the result. And just here was noticed, not only in the streets, but upon the cars and ferryboats, that, instead of the customary demonstration of triumph, and profuse charges of fraud, intimidation, and other political make-shifts, a very large good-humor prevailed. Jones said to Brown: "Well, old boy, your man was elected yesterday, and you see mine is to-day; but tomorrow—and each one would claim that on the morrow his own choice would be the victor.

On Friday morning no two bulletin-boards agreed. Men—yes, and women, too—who had large and small bets upon general and particular results, grew nervous, and trusted that the agony

of suspense would soon be terminated. The political headquarters, and the streets before newspaper offices showed no apparent diminution in the crowd of people. Special detachments of police were required to keep the thoroughfares passable. The sentiment of humor began to be submerged in a tide of assertion that the reports expected from the doubtful States were being "doctored" for stock-jobbing purposes, and people who had stamped before the boards to keep off the chill, buttoned their coats tightly as a dreary sleet came down, and vowed they'd be blessed if they budged until they knew just how things were.

In the afternoon the National Democratic Executive Committee sent invitations to thirty leading politicians, lawyers, professors, bankers and business men, for a meeting to be held in New Orleans on Monday, 13th, for the purpose of having the official counting of the vote in Louisiana thoroughly inspected. On the following day, the President, in answer to the request of Governor Kellogg, appointed a committee for the same service, and, before the day closed, the National Republican Executive Committee had adopted a similar course. Many of these gentlemen from the East started off in special trains during the afternoon and evening, while others from the West and South took trains in time to reach New Orleans at the hour designated.

THE END OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

IN accordance with the programme arranged by the Commissioners, the International Centennial Exhibition was formally closed on Friday afternoon, November 10th. The exercises opened at sunrise by a simultaneous salute of thirteen guns from the Keystone battery on George's Hill and the United States steamer *Plymouth*, Captain Edward Barrett commanding, in Philadelphia harbor. The hour fixed for the final ceremonies was two o'clock.

The ceremonial arrangements were as follows: In the middle of the platform sat the President and General Hawley. To the right and left sat the members of the Cabinet and the principal officers of the Centennial Commission. The Judges of the Supreme Court occupied seats behind the President. These gentlemen so entirely filled the platform, that the Diplomatic Corps, Exhibition Commissioners and Judges were accommodated at the right of the platform, and at the left of it were more members of the Centennial Commission and the army officers. The central aisle back to the main entrance was lined and guarded by the City Corps.

The orchestra of one hundred and ten pieces, under Theodore Thomas, occupied the gallery, and the chorus of four hundred, selected from the Philadelphia singing societies, was crammed into the opposite one. The central figure on the platform was President Grant, whose square-shouldered, thick-set figure, stern face, and plain, not to say shabby, attire, made him conspicuous among the throng of carefully-dressed and smiling gentlemen who surrounded him. On his right sat General Hawley, Don Cameron, and George W. Childs; on the left, Honorable D. J. Morrill, Secretary Fish, Honorable John Welsh, Rev. Dr. Seiss; Mrs. Gillespie, Chief of the Woman's Department; and General Robert Patterson. On the second row were Governor Hartman, Governor Rice, of Massachusetts; Governor Bedle, of New Jersey; Governor Cochran, of Delaware; Chief Justice Waite, Judge David Davis, Sir Edward Thornton, General Banks; Aristachi Bey, Turkish Minister; Colonel Thomas Scott, Bishop Simpson, Honorable Asa Packer, Bayard Taylor, Professor Blake; Count D'Assi, President of the Italian Commission; Honorable Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey; Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia, and others.

The orchestra played only a few bars of "Hail to the Chief," and as soon as the distinguished guests were seated, Mr. Thomas, standing on an elevated position in the middle of the gallery, rapped with his baton, the orchestra stopped, but immediately commenced playing the "Inauguration March," by Wagner. This over, Rev. Joseph A. Seiss offered a prayer, during which every person on the platform arose and remained standing. Then came a chorale and fugue of Bach's, and when the applause had subsided, Hon. D. J. Morrill, United States Centennial Commissioner from Pennsylvania, rose and delivered an address, at the close of which selections from the "Dettingen Te Deum" were sung by the chorus, with orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Morrill was followed by the Hon. John Welsh, President of the Centennial Board of Finance, in a brief address, and at the close, Beethoven's splendid finale was rendered by the orchestra. The Hon. A. T. Goshorn, Director-General, was then introduced. After speaking for a few moments in a loud, clear tone, he took his seat, the orchestra and choir giving the "Hallelujah Chorus." General Hawley, the President of the United States Commissioners, spoke briefly to the multitude, and concluded with the words: "Mr. President, we await your pleasure." Two verses of the hymn "America" were sung; the large windows at the end of the hall were thrown open, and the original flag of the American Union, first displayed by Commodore Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*, was unfurled; while a salute of forty-seven guns, one for each State and Territory, was fired from George's Hill by the Keystone Battery, and simultaneously from the United States steamship *Plymouth*.

Now came the last act in the ceremonies. President Grant rose, and stepping to the front of the platform, said, in quiet tones:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen—I now declare the Centennial International Exhibition closed."

"Give the signal," said Gen. Hawley at the same instant, and turning to the telegraph operator behind him. The signal—"76"—was given, and while a thousand gongs rang out their last alarm, the great Corliss engine in Machinery Hall gave one or two expiring strokes and stopped. Its work was done. At the same time, the following message was sent to London, Canada, and throughout the Union:

CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA,
UNITED STATES, Friday, Nov. 10, 1876.
The President has this moment closed the International Centennial Exhibition—3:37 P. M.

The last act of the programme was the singing of the Doxology by the audience and chorus, accompanied by the orchestra. The remainder of the hours before closing were spent chiefly in the buildings, for the rain still continued to fall, and at dark the gates were closed for ever.

The Exhibition was opened May 10th, and continued for 159 days. The whole number of visitors, excluding the closing day, was nearly 10,000,000. The admissions and receipts for each month were as follows:

Month.	Paid.	Free.	Total.	Receipts.
May.....	37,980	31,5960	694,940	\$189,491.35
June.....	695,636	307,159	1,002,825	347,831.40
July.....	638,518	269,929	906,447	318,199.25
August....	9,684	286,631	1,175,314	415,659.21
September..	2,130,901	308,698	2,438,689	928,036.00
October...	2,334,583	329,349	2,663,879	1,160,811.50
November.	812,420	100,627	913,057	401,548.25
Totals....	7,897,789	1,888,362	9,786,151	\$3,761,007.00

The daily average attendance of paid visitors was 49,986; average attendance of free admissions, 11,952; average total admissions, 61,938; average receipts, \$23,807.50. The largest attendance on one day was on "Pennsylvania Day," September 28th, when the total admissions numbered 19,191.

The daily average attendance at Philadelphia was 61,938; at London, in 1851, it was 40,241; at Paris, in 1855, it was 25,811; at London, in 1862, it was 36,322; Paris, in 1867, the average was 47,810, and at Vienna, in 1873, it was 29,063.

ART BY WOMEN.

THE WOMAN'S PAVILION ON THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AND ITS ART GALLERY.

* * * THE Art Gallery in the Woman's Pavilion?" said a visitor the other day; "there is no such thing! There are alcoves to hang pictures in, but you do not call those murderous cross lights a gallery, in any sense. Take the Leightons and Boughtons from Memorial Hall and hang them here, and see how they would be slaughtered! Then judge of the test to which you put those Innocents, who come willingly to the sacrifice."

The spirit which has induced so many women to send their pictures to these "alcoves," as an exhibit of the progress reached thus far, is deserving of high praise; and, in looking upon them so severely tested here, one must remember the disadvantage of light and position, in praising the good ones and passing by the bad; of these, the number is not few, but they must all have the benefit of the doubtful light.

The Art Gallery in the Woman's Building was an after-thought, and as such, though an ingenious architect might have done better with it, must be accepted. The ladies say they are glad that it was not planned by a woman, for all would have laughed at the "inefficient she."

It would be invidious to take up any of the pictures, as among the "daubs," of which there are undoubtedly many, some "man" writer would be forced to render himself obnoxious to the charges of Charles Lamb's greatest crime, modern "un-gallantry." A woman ("E. E. G."), writing in the *New Century*, says in this behalf: "I have not spoken of the redeeming points to be found in some of the poorer pictures, as we do not wish to excuse, but to criticise. I trust the visitor will have the wisdom to turn to the many pleasant pictures so unfortunately hung among the many daubs, against which no protest can be too strong, as they but kill the better and deserving works of art."

Our special artist has sketched a "view" in this art gallery, in which are the crayons, the statuary and the pen-and-ink sketches of Mrs. Greastore and Miss Clark.

W. J. PHILLIPS,

TELEGRAPHIC DIRECTOR OF THE CENTENNIAL.

THE good judgment universally displayed in the selection of officers for the heads of the different parts of the International Exhibition has again been proved in the appointment of Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of great practical energy and large experience in the department of which he has control. Mr. Phillips was one of the first House printing-operators, and was instrumental in erecting the first line worked on this patent between New York and Philadelphia, and of which he was manager. He also superintended the construction of the police and fire-alarm telegraph of the city of Philadelphia, of which he still remains in charge. His efficient management in the organization and control of the American District Telegraph Company, one of the most prosperous institutions in Philadelphia, has secured for him the friendship and esteem of the whole mercantile interest of that city. Mr. Phillips has, in the direction of telegraphic matters at the Exhibition, fully proved the value of his services, and his general courtesy and gentlemanly manners have added still further to the high appreciation he has secured.

The work of receiving and distributing messages has been quite laborious, over 40,000 being sent off, and 15,000 received in two months' time, and in one day 700 messages being distributed and received. During the two months were also sent off 7,500 messages by districts telegraph.

COLONEL MYER ASCH,

SECRETARY OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

COLONEL ASCH, the efficient and gentlemanly Secretary to the Centennial Commission, is a native of Philadelphia, where he graduated from the High School. He passed the early years of his life in Europe, completing his education, but returned to the United States at the breaking out of the war, and accepted a commission as lieutenant in the First New Jersey Cavalry. He afterwards became adjutant-general on the staff of Major-General Pope, and served with him during the campaign in Virginia. Colonel Asch was also adjutant-general of Kautz's Cavalry Division of the Army of the James, and finally rose to hold the rank of colonel. During the war, Colonel Asch was imprisoned for six months at Libby, Danville and Salisbury, suffering all the horrors which accompanied incarceration in the terrible pens which answered for Southern prison-houses. His war experience also included an Indian campaign with General Pope in the Northwest, and at the close of the rebellion he was given a commission in the United States regular army.

When the Centennial Commission was organized the important appointment of Secretary was the first one made, and the office was offered at once to Colonel Asch. The duties of this position comprised all the correspondence and negotiations with foreign countries, and in the conduct of this, and in completing the necessary business relations with the foreign Commissioners, Colonel Asch has displayed singular tact and discretion and delicate courtesy. The combination of qualities required in this exceptionally difficult position have found their best exponent in all particulars in Colonel Asch, who has thus deserved a niche in our gallery of portraits of the gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the direction and management of the United States Centennial Exposition.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CALVIN CUSHING, United States Minister to Spain, will sail for Europe early next month.

THE Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold are extensive exhibitors at the Royal dog-show.

COUNT ARNONE, on the eve of his recent condemnation, sold his son his last remaining great estate in France for \$600,000.

DYKELLE, the best battle-painter of the day, is a fish fellow, only 27, with hazel eyes and rosy face, the drawing-room, in Paris, is furnished in Japanese style.

THE REV. DR. STORRS, of Brooklyn, was offered, as a gift, by a New York millionaire, a handsome, furnished residence if he would become pastor of the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church in New York City.

WHILE the Czarowitz is far more energetic and progressive than his father, his wife, the Princess Dagmar, is said to excel both as a politician, and, with the nobility and men of rank in the army for her special adherents, she is now the leader of a third great party.

COLONEL TIKOMIR NIKOLITCH, the Servian Minister of War, who resigned his portfolio on account of the intolerant disposition of General Tschernayeff, is very popular with the army and ministry, owing to his courage and good humor. He is related to Prince Milan by his marriage with a lady of the Obrenovich family.

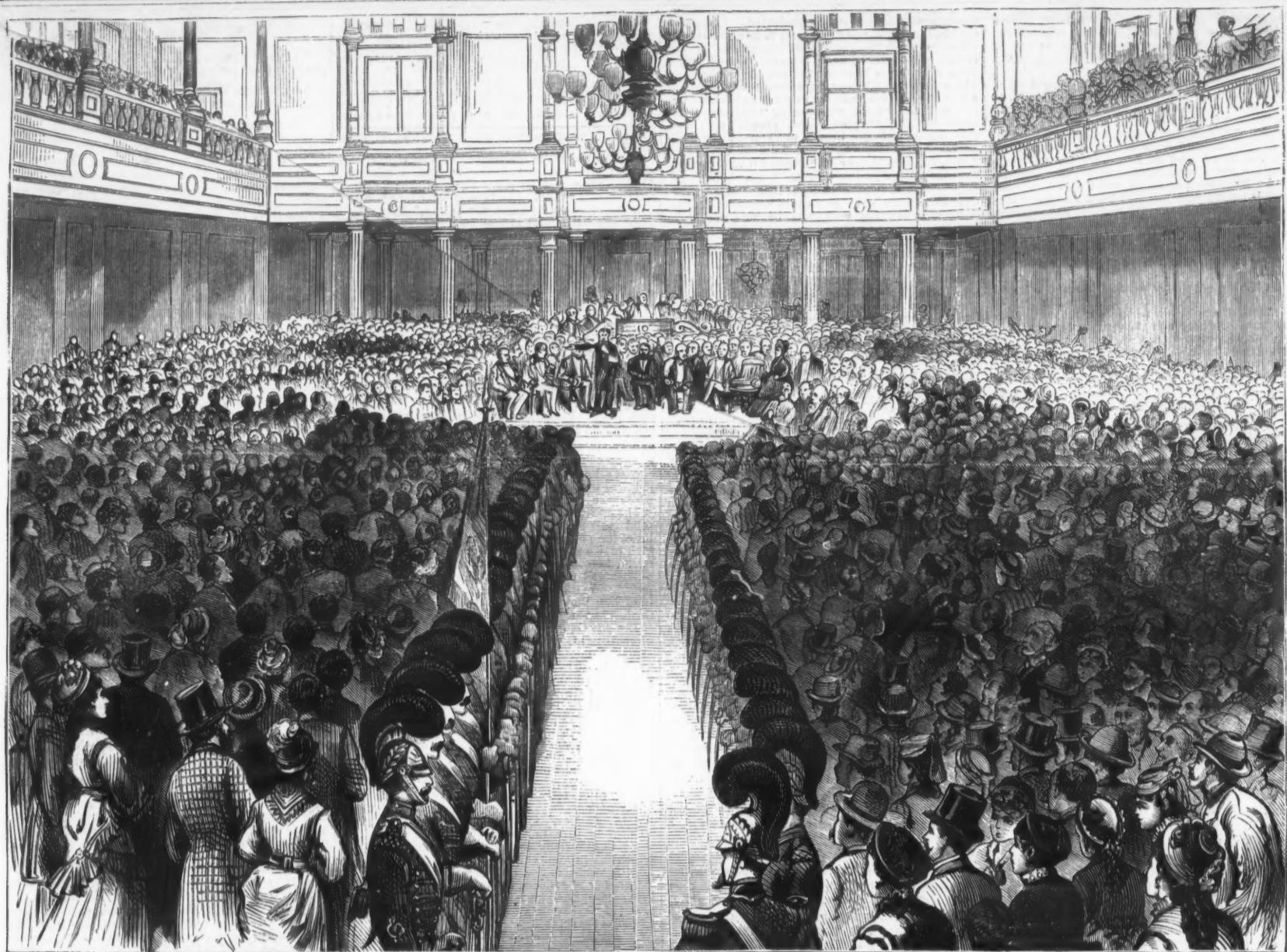
JOSEPH SMITH, JR., son of the founder of the Mormon Church, is preaching in California. He denies the headship of Brigham Young. He says that he has from 12,000 to 15,000 personal followers, and that the headquarters of the reformed church are at Plano, Illinois. He repudiates polygamy, and also "blood atonement."

OZCANYAN, the well-known Oriental lecturer and late Consul-General of Turkey in New York, is to have a seat in the new Senate about to be formed by the Turkish Government, as one of the representatives of the Armenians, who are to have ten members in that body. Mr. Ozcanyan was not long ago elected a member of the National Assembly of the Armenians.

IN the general sitting-room of the Empress of Russia, Her Majesty's seat is on a raised platform, separated by a railing from the rest of the room, which has tables and chairs for a large number of ladies-in-waiting. The walls are covered with crimson damask, brightened by beautiful pictures. The most noticeable pieces of furniture, however, are tall, folding screens, of exquisite workmanship, in colored glass, upon which are miniature scenes of royal history.

GREAT BRITAIN is represented diplomatically in Turkey, at the present time, by Sir Henry George Elliott, G.C.B. He is fifty-nine years old, was educated at Eton, and began his public career as Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to Sir John Franklin, when Governor of Van Diemen's Land. He has seen service at St. Petersburg, the Hague and Vienna, as attaché, and in Turkey, Sardinia, Italy and Greece as Minister. His last appointment as Ambassador to Turkey was in 1867. He is a Privy Councillor and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

EARL DERBY, in his reply to the memorial of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Societies respecting Mr. Stanley's course in punishing the natives of Bambirah Island in Lake Nyanza, expresses the hope that the explorer will be able to explain and justify his proceedings, but declines to take any direct action. He takes pains to add that Mr. Stanley has no authority to hoist the British flag, and that Her Majesty's consuls will be instructed to intimate as much to him, if any opportunity of communicating with him be open to them.

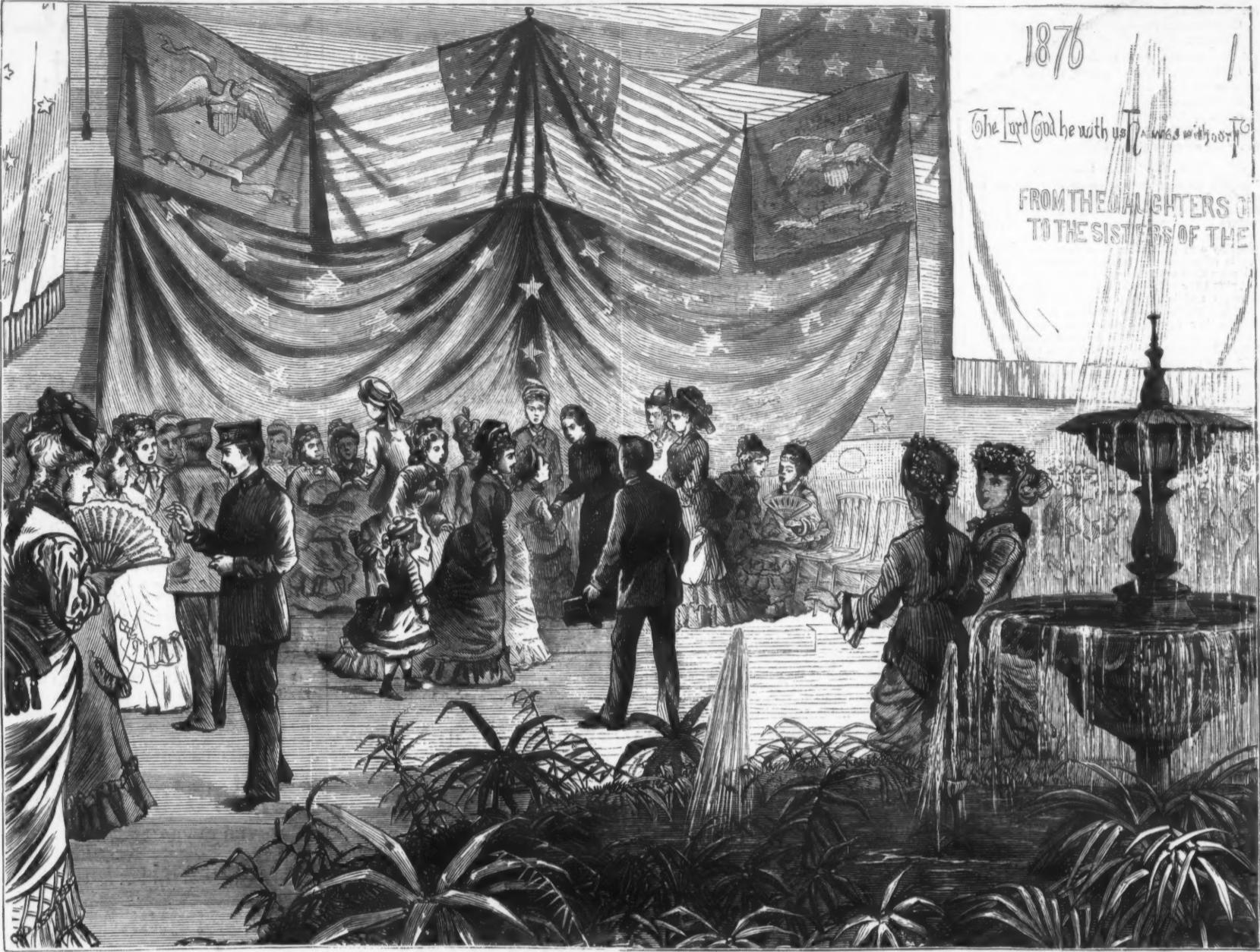


THE FINAL CEREMONIES IN JUDGES' HALL—JOHN WELSH, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF FINANCE, DELIVERING HIS CLOSING ADDRESS.



SCENE ON THE PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING—THE CROWD WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE OFFICIAL GUESTS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—INCIDENTS OF THE CLOSING CEREMONIES ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 199.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"WOMAN'S DAY," NOVEMBER 7TH—MRS. GILLESPIE'S RECEPTION IN THE WOMAN'S PAVILION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 195.



1. Crayon Drawings. 2. Statuary. 3. Mrs. Greatorox's Pen and Ink Drawings.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE ART DEPARTMENT IN THE WOMAN'S PAVILION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 199.

GENTENNIAL BUILDINGS.

THE OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS OF FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS—BRAZIL, GERMANY AND FRANCE.

ON the northern slope of the romantic ravine of Lansdowne, which "gorges" itself into the otherwise level surface of the Exhibition Grounds, has been located the private quarters of the Commissioners of two of the foreign Governments—Germany and Brazil. Our special artists have given good views of these buildings.

THE BRAZILIAN PAVILION.

Peeping through a fine grove of trees, as the visitor to the Dairy, or the Hunter's Camp near by, views it, stands the Brazilian Pavilion—a neat structure of the *renaissance* style. Its interior is simple, having a large reception hall in the centre, flanked by a private office on either side. The exterior is conspicuous more for its coloring than its architectural ornamentation. In this coloring, Brazil has typified her gold-bearing and agricultural characteristics, and brought prominently the colors of yellow and green—colors which any one who remembers her flag will notice at once. In this Pavilion Dom Pedro made his headquarters and received his guests, among whom, on the opening day, was President Grant and the distinguished ladies in the train of the foreign officials. The Brazilian Emperor was very fond of insisting that the coffeees of his country were equal, if not superior, to the Java and La Guayra, and cited, as proof, the sale of the Brazilian product under those names. It is believed that this building alone, with many other of the foreign structures, will be presented to the City of Philadelphia, for the purpose of keeping them in the Park.

THE GERMAN PAVILION.

Almost the same remarks that have been applied above to the Brazilian headquarters can be set down to the German Pavilion. It is a little west of Brazil, but still on the slope of the ravine. The windows are of highly ornamented stained glass; and here the German officials transact their private and Governmental business.

THE FRENCH PUBLIC WORKS.

In a stylish, fire-proof building, near the Vienna Bakery, highly ornamented with stuccoed brick, and iron framework and roof, the French government have made probably the finest exhibit on the Centennial Grounds, in the way of a strictly Governmental display of France's public works. There are no windows to this building, the whole spacious area of one room being lighted from artistic skylights. The interior strikes the visitor with the idea of the splendid scale upon which the French construct their public works. Here are enormous models, costing thousands of dollars, of the great bridges across the Seine and Loire, tunnels that suggest Mont Cenis and the Hoosac, maps that almost enable the looker-on to place his hand on the heads of the peasants of the different departments and distinguish them by their dialect, and altogether the whole exhibit is a work of art as well as of science. One of the most striking things which meet the view as the visitor enters is an enormous map, some 18 feet by 12 feet in size, magnificently mounted, showing at a glance all the methods of intercommunication in France, whether by rail, pike, canal, or river. The cities, towns and hamlets of the country are brought out in lifelike distinctness, and the lighthouses on the Biscayan, Mediterranean and North Sea coasts can almost be seen by the flash of their lights. France is here, indeed, in all her enduring grandeur.

THE PORTUGUESE PAVILION.

Portugal, too, is not behind her greater rivals on the Continent with her private quarters for her Commissioners and other officials. Rather smaller than either Brazil or Germany, Portugal yet makes a good show in a neat Pavilion. The interior, as might be supposed, is characteristic of this Catholic country, and brings out distinctly in the pictures and furniture many of the peculiarities of these neighbors of Spain. Our artist gives an illustration of this little building on page 205.

FUN.

INQUISITIVE School-board officer to Hibernian parent: "Was your boy born in Glascae?" "No, sir; an' I hope he never will be!"

A YOUNG MAN in Jersey City was urged to marry, but he replied: "I don't see it. My father was a single man, and he always got along well enough."

"THAT'S our family tree," said an Arkansas youth, as he pointed to a vigorous hemlock, and added, "A good many of our folks have been hung on that tree, for borerin' hoses after dark."

A CHICAGO man advertises for a wife with a knowledge of music, and remarks that no "Maiden's Prayer" or "Silver Threads" kind of a girl will answer.

THERE is nothing dispels the dreams of youth and shatters the ambitious hopes of the noble boy like having a young lady remark, in his hearing, that he would make, with study, a good hat-rack.

A WESTERN judge recently constructed the longest sentence on record. He sentenced a murderer for life, and afterwards added two more years to the sentence, because the prisoner called him "no gentleman."

A BEGGAR, accompanied by his dog, stands at a Paris street-corner. He displays a placard: "Have pity on the blind." He is caught attentively regarding a coin dropped into his cup. "Ah! you can see, then?" "Yes." "Why, then, the placard?" "It is not for myself I beg. It is my dog who is blind."

MADAME X has charming features, charming arms, charming hands—but she has monstrous feet. Just recovering from a long illness, she said recently to one of her friends: "I am still very feeble, but I begin to be able to put one foot before the other." "And that is not saying a little," murmured the excellent friend.

THE extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" was asked. "Alas! things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

"WHAT'S this, mister?" said a curious countryman, who was wandering through a jeweler's store, and as he spoke, he rang a statue of Mercury with his horny knuckles. "That," said the attendant, "is Mercury," and he passed on to wait upon a customer. The ruralist gazed for a moment with open mouth at the bronze representation of the messenger of the gods, and then beckoned to a companion at the other end of the store, to whom he said: "Jim, what do you suppose that figger is?" "I dunno," responded Jim, in turn giving it a sounding rap; "bronze, hain't it?" "No," said the other, "it ain't; it's quicksilver." "Waal, I am stuf they put into thermometers! Waal, I am durned. What'll they do next?"

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Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100.

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That Long-promised Book by Offenbach has not been issued as yet. The author is an observing man, and, beyond a doubt, he will make some flattering allusions, among other American reminiscences, to the splendid assortment of Gold Jewelry and Precious Stones to be purchased from Mr. F. J. NASH, No. 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite Stewart's.

Money! **Money!**—The receipts of money for Tickets in the Grand Drawing of the "Kentucky Cash Distribution Company," during the last few days, has been almost unparalleled. It seems as if the whole country had broken out into a great frenzy of ticket-buying. No city, and scarcely a town, village or hamlet has refused to contribute to this drawing. This is not to be wondered at when we consider the magnitude of the gift, the cheapness of the tickets, and the perfect fairness of the drawing. At the present rate the tickets will give out before the drawing; so buy your tickets at once. Ex-Governor THOS. P. PORTER, General Manager, Frankfort, Ky. G. W. BARROW & Co., 710 Broadway, New York, General Eastern Agents.

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Nation.	Description of Article.	Catalogue No.	Exhibition Price.
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	J. Roberts, of Manchester.		
Russia	Malachite Table, on gilt and inlaid stand	63a	350.00
"	Mosaic Fur Rug, made of 2,000 pieces of Marten, Otter, Sable, etc.	215	250.00
"	Ladies' Sealskin Sacque	215	125.00
"	Black Seal Sacque	215	100.00
"	" Fur Cloak, sable-faced	215	55.00
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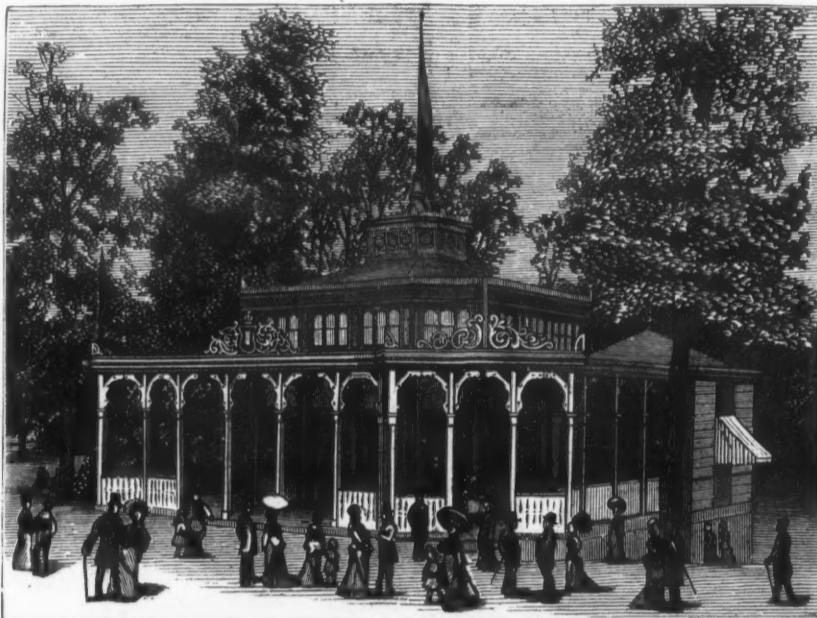
No. 1,104—VOL. XLIII.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1876.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS]

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

AN English investigator, Mr. Hawksley, C.E., has put forward a view which if not altogether novel—for Malthus anticipated many of his statements—is, nevertheless, well calculated to startle steady-going people to whom a danger is none the less real because it is inconceivably remote. He has been dealing with the enormous increase of the population of England, and his idea is that this increase is a matter of great and immediate concern. In the year 1801 the population of that country was only 8,892,356, while in 1871 it had become 22,712,266; thus exhibiting a mean annual increase of nearly 1.35 per cent. In the seventy years between these dates he computes that the loss by war and emigration only amounted to 15 persons in every 10,000 of the population. Assuming that this amount of spontaneous loss will remain unaltered over a prolonged course of years, he proceeds to calculate what the growth of population will amount to in the future; and he gives a result which, taken in its simple nakedness, is astounding. At the end of the first generation, the population of England will become 42,000,000; at the end of the second generation, 74,000,000; at the end of the third generation, 130,000,000; at the end of the fourth generation, 230,000,000; at the end of the fifth generation, 400,000,000; at the end of the seventh generation, more than the world now contains; and at the end of the twentieth generation more than fifteen such worlds would contain, each as densely populated as our globe is at present. From this calculation Mr. Hawksley drew, or rather suggested, a number of inferences with reference to the food supply of the "countless millions yet unborn," and other matters affecting their welfare, and thus led the way to a conclusion that might be expected, if it



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE PORTUGUESE PAVILION ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 202.

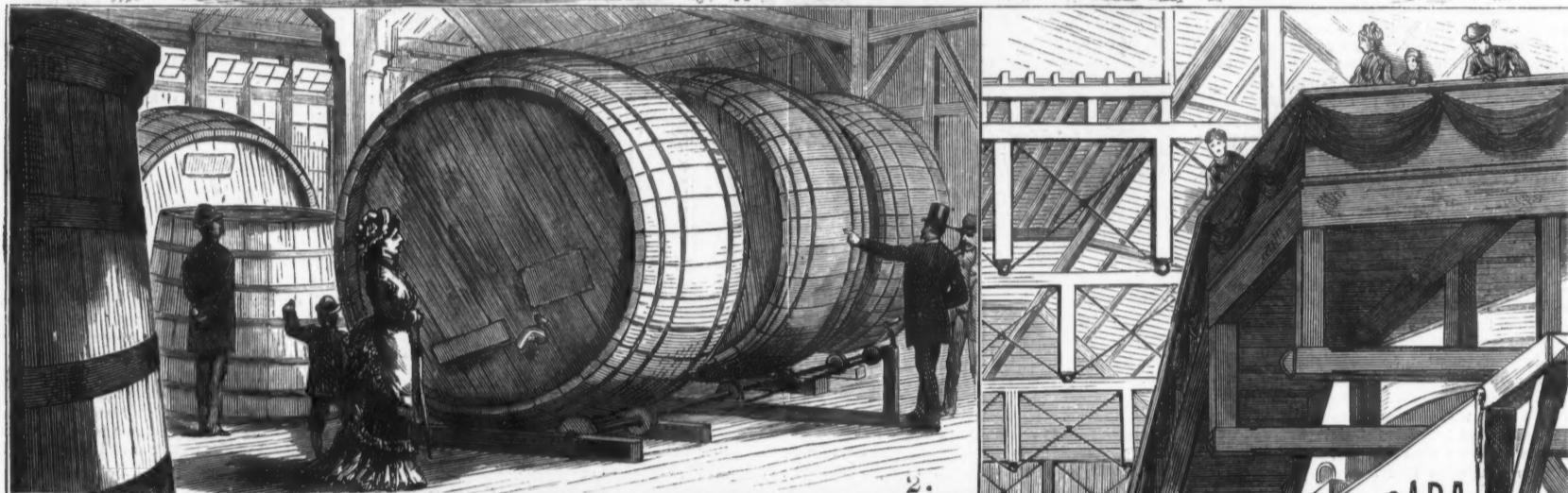
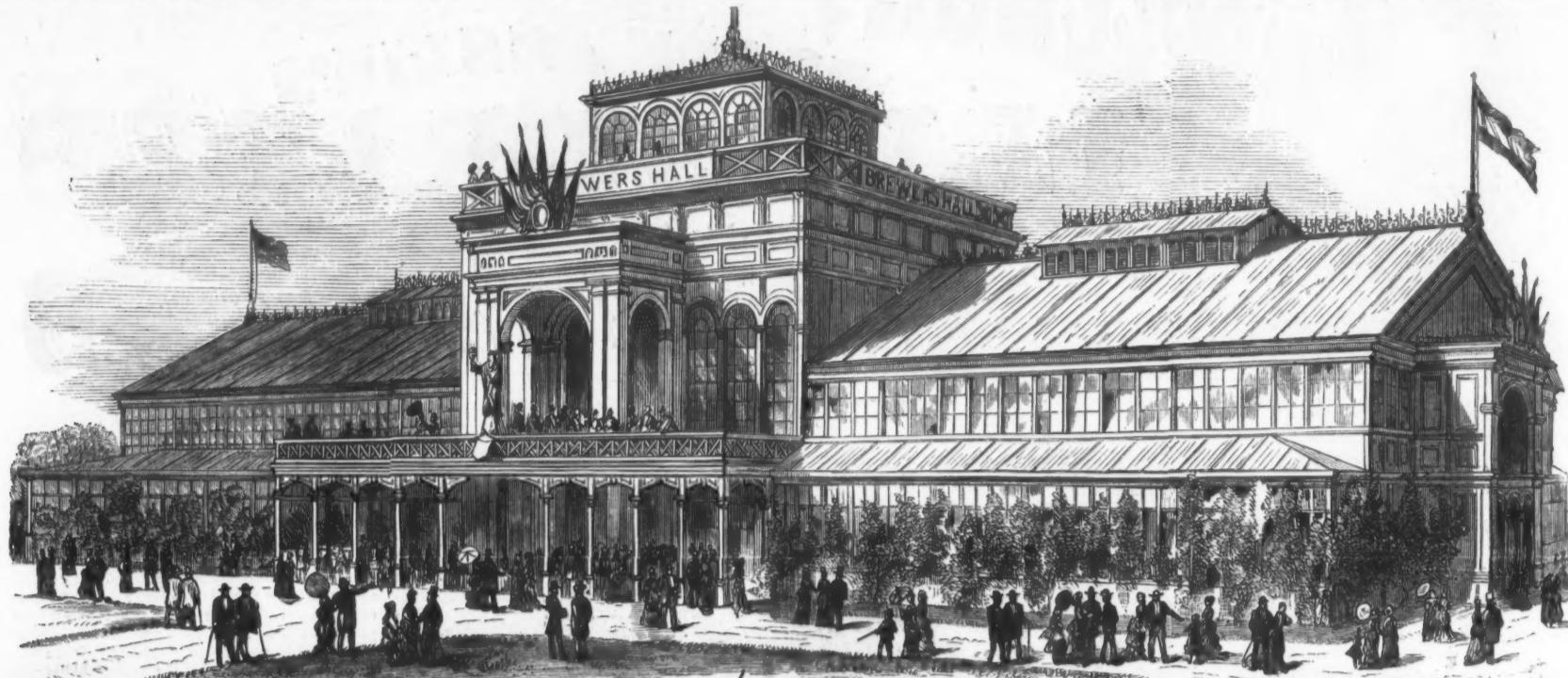
were accepted, to cause a good deal of alarm and disquiet, not only among English people, but in the world at large. For if the English people increase

and multiply at this rapid rate, it must be assumed that other nations in which there is a steady increase of population will proceed in the same ratio.

America, for instance, and Germany, to take no other examples, must similarly go on doubling their populations at periods varying from forty to sixty years; and, in that case, by the time the twentieth generation is reached, three nations alone will require, not fifteen more worlds, but the greater part of the planetary system. But Mr. Hawksley admits that, as regards the latter part of the calculation—*i. e.* that relating to A.D. 2676—taking a generation at forty years—it must fail of fulfillment because of its essential impossibility. We are therefore necessarily limited in the practical discussion of the figures to seven generations, by which time the English people will be equal in number to the present population of the globe; but that is a sufficiently long look ahead to enable us, on the strength of Mr. Hawksley's figures, to anticipate an unpleasant degree of overcrowding. A question, however, of more immediate importance than the struggle of our remote descendants for standing-room, relates to the trustworthiness of these apparently portentous statistics. Are people increasing and likely to go on increasing at the rate Mr. Hawksley predicts? Twenty generations have passed away since the Norman Conquest, and they have only seen the population increase from about four millions to nearly twenty-three millions, plus, of course, the emigrants who have gone out from England during the last three centuries. What ground have we for believing that in another twenty generations the growth of population would, if it were possible, need fifteen more worlds to live in, or that in three, four, or five generations the numbers will reach the enormous proportions Mr. Hawksley sets down? The only ground for the belief is that the normal increase is to continue, and the amount of loss from war and emigration is to remain unaltered.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE END OF THE EXPOSITION—SCENE ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 10TH AT THE PASSENGER DEPOT OF THE NEW JERSEY CENTRAL AND BOUND BROOK RAILROAD, FOOT OF LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK—THE RUSH TO WITNESS THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 199.



1. Exterior of Building 2. Mammoth Vats. 3. Interior of Building. 4. Bock Beer.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE BREWERS' HALL, ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 109.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY'S EXHIBIT IN AGRICULTURAL HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 195.



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